

The Sketch

No. 732.—Vol. LVII.

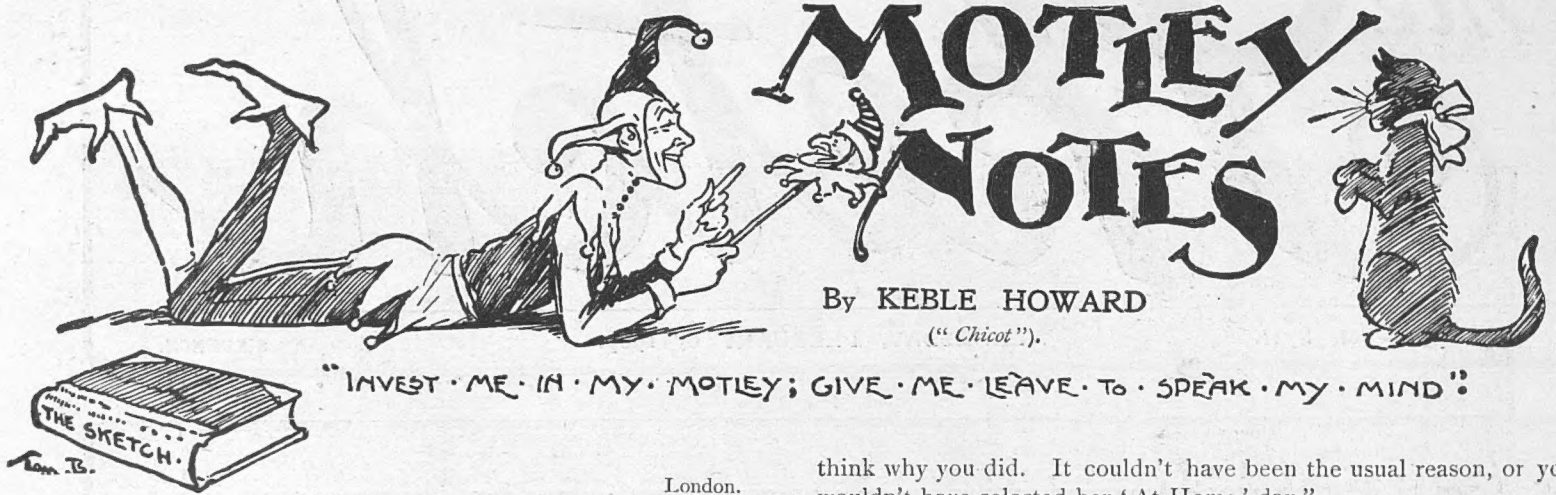
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE TRAGIC SHOOTING ACCIDENT NEAR HEXHAM: THE LATE LADY DOROTHY CUTHBERT.

Lady Dorothy Cuthbert, who met her death in so tragic a manner last week, was the third daughter of the Rev. the Earl of Strafford, and was but twenty-five years of age. She was married to Captain James Harold Cuthbert, of the Scots Guards, in 1903, shortly after that officer had returned from the South African War, in which he served with much distinction, and for which he was decorated with the D.S.O. [Photograph by James Bacon and Sons.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

London.

**An Awkward
Encounter.**

I have no doubt I looked supremely ridiculous. I am willing to admit that I felt it. My frock-coat had not been off its peg for quite three months, and a silk hat must always seem a ludicrous happening to anybody who has seen what a first-rate chimney can be made of one for the house that Peter Pan builds for Wendy.

Besides, a silk hat is especially out of place in a high wind. If you proceed with your head down, like a charging bull, the wind drives the hat over your forehead. If you proceed with your head well back, emulating that acquaintance of Shock-headed Peter who walked into the canal, the wind takes the hat away from you and plays with it for a long, long time. If you hold it with both hands, your arms ache and you drop your walking-stick. . . . A silk hat is out of place, I say, in a high wind.

Still, I don't think it was nice of Dame Nature, who met me slinking—or rather, struggling—homewards by a side street, to stand still and shriek with laughter. I told her so. I drew my lips tightly across my teeth—if you do this in front of the glass, you will at once see the awesome effect—and told her she had forfeited my esteem for ever. The old lady leant against a pillar-box, her hands at her ribs, and gasped for breath.

**I Avoid a
Scene.**

"What in the world—have you been doing?" she panted.

"I decline to tell you. You are a person of no manners. If you were not dressed up to represent a lady, I should call you an oaf." (One often would, when you come to think of it.)

"Please don't be cross. It only makes you look sillier. And do tell me what you've been doing."

At this juncture a small boy with a smudgy face had the bad taste to form the nucleus of a crowd. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to move along, the Dame at my side.

"Since you are so weakly inquisitive," I said hotly, "I've been paying a call."

"A what?" She stood still in astonishment, which gave the small boy time to catch up.

"A call. You needn't pretend you don't know what I mean. I tell you I've been paying a call."

"Lukewarm tea and lukewarm talk, eh?"

"The tea was excellent," I replied stiffly.

"What about the talk?"

"A gentleman never returns hospitality with criticism."

**And Make a
Confession.**

"That's a lie!" cried the Dame. "Oh, you needn't walk so fast and try to shake me off. I'm not loaded up with a prehistoric hat and a relic of barbarism called a frock-coat, remember. Tell me, my friend, do you often pay calls?"

"You know I don't. This one had to be paid. She expected it, and I had promised."

"Were there many people there?"

"About twenty."

"How many men?"

"Oh, a few."

"How many?"

"You're the most persistent creature in the world. I was the only one. Now you know."

I felt, to my astonishment, a gentle pressure of the hand. "Poor dear!" murmured Dame Nature. "None the less," she added, after a brief pause, "it was very weak of you to go. I can't

think why you did. It couldn't have been the usual reason, or you wouldn't have selected her 'At Home' day."

"Mere politeness," I explained loftily.

**"Out of
Politeness."**

That set her talking.

"Politeness!" scoffed the old lady. "You people are never weary of complicating each other's lives, and then calling it politeness. Out of politeness, a woman will ask another woman she loathes to dine with her, and they will spit fire at each other the whole evening. Out of politeness, a man will travel a hundred miles in a railway-carriage with the window down, catch his death of cold, and leave his wife and children to be provided for by charities. Out of politeness, a man will marry a woman for whom he does not care a rush; they will squabble from morning till night, and the weaker of the two will die at about the age of forty-seven of alcoholic poisoning. Out of politeness, a man who is paid to tell people the blunt truth at least once a week for the good of their souls will get up in a pulpit and send them away with the comfortable impression that his remarks are to be taken strictly on the 'present company excepted' rule. Out of politeness, a small child, if it has been improperly brought up by a sufficiently snobbish mother, will pretend that it has enjoyed a party, even though the cake, crackers, and conundrums have proved to be of fifth-rate quality. Out of politeness—"

But we had lost each other, for the moment, in the traffic.

**An American
Snob.**

"Admitting," I said, when we met again on the opposite pavement, "that all you say is perfectly true, don't you understand, dear lady, that a little hypocrisy helps to oil the wheels of the coach? We know we're humbugs, but we all like to be humbugged. It's just a question of give-and-take."

"It's nothing of the sort," my companion retorted, "it's a question of cowardice. I read a book the other day written by an American. Both in America and in England it was hailed as a masterpiece, and had, I understand, an enormous sale. The book was composed of letters, racily written, and supposed to be sent by a self-made merchant to his son. Some of it was good, and some of it very funny; but when I found that merchant advising his son to make friends with all men, good or bad, who might be useful to him in business, I chucked the thing down in disgust. 'If you don't like a man,' he said, more or less in these very words, 'conceal your dislike. It's your business to like everybody who's going to be any good to you.' Nice sort of a father, upon my word! Would you like to see your son toadying to a rascal for the sake of something that he might get out of him? Bah! That's politeness, as you call it! Give me rude honesty every time!"

**A Splendid Offer
Refused.**

"And all this," I said as we neared the door of my lowly abode, "because you happened to meet me wearing the costume of respectability!"

"You call it respectable, do you? When a man makes himself a guy and plays the liar, all on one afternoon, you call him respectable, do you?"

"I'm glad you're not always so truculent as this!"

"I'm glad you don't always look so silly as that!"

"Shall I give you my word of honour that I'll never do it again?"

"Out of politeness to me? No, thank you, my friend. You may humbug all the others, but you needn't humbug me. You couldn't, you know, if you tried. Do you know why? Because I'm old and ugly and I know it. Good-bye!"

SALOME ABOUT TO KISS THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

A MUCH-CRITICISED ACTION IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "SALOME."



FRÄULEIN FREMSTAD WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, IN "SALOME," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK—NOW WITHDRAWN IN DEFERENCE TO COMSTOCKERY.

As we mention on our "Key-Notes" page, "Salome," by Richard Strauss and Oscar Wilde, has been withdrawn from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in view of the vigorous protests made by certain believers in Comstockery. The dancing and the kissing of the head of John the Baptist appear to have provided the chief causes of offence.

Photograph by Byron, New York; supplied by the Dover Street Studios.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

WHEN St. Amant won the Derby on June 1, 1904, the spectators were thrilled by an incident that occurred in front of the paddock. Kempton Cannon, St. Amant's jockey, described this

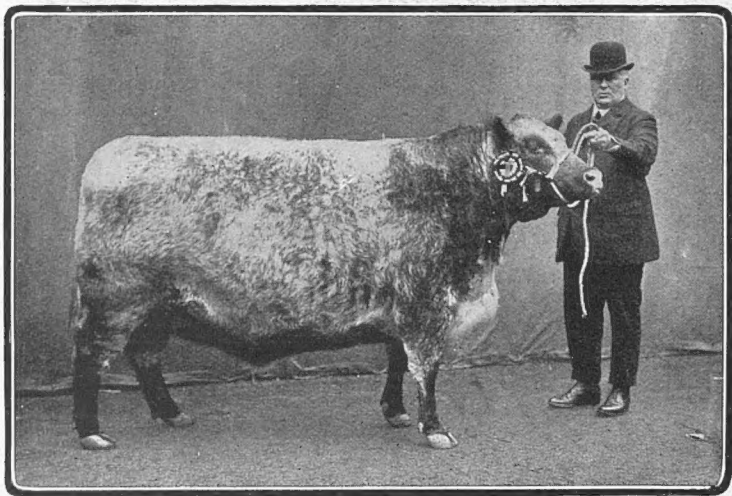


Photo. F. Dabbe.
THE CROSSBRED ANGUS HEIFER, WADDESdon PRIMROSE—RESERVE FOR THE BEST SHORT-HORN CROSS HEIFER IN THE LAST SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW; FED ON MOLASSINE MEAL.

incident in the *Sportsman* next morning, and one cannot do better than quote his words. "I pulled the horse up half-way across the paddock," he says. "I could hear the cheering on the course. The boy who 'does' him came running down the course to meet him, and when he got to him he kissed him. The boy was as white as a sheet."

No finer testimony to the affection that a human being can have for a horse was ever given than at that moment. And yet we can all understand it. Who has not wept as a child over the tribulations of Black Beauty? The only other animal that has got half as far into our hearts is the dog.

It is this strong personal affection of man for beast that makes the hunting songs of Whyte Melville so popular, and it is this personal affection that enables us to understand even the perverted fancies of certain Roman Emperors who pampered their favourite steeds. The Emperor Verus fed his horse Celer on almonds and raisins, while Caligula gave his Incitatus wine to drink out of a golden pail. When Tennyson sneered at the clown who held his cousin Amy

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,

he was less cutting than he thought. The wife of many a clown wishes herself as well off as Cousin Amy.

One listens, therefore, with more than usual interest to those who come forward with ideas for eradicating some of the diseases which make such havoc in horseflesh. The man who first cures cancer will earn the eternal gratitude of the human race, and those who can secure the horse against illnesses which are to it often as fatal and which certainly cause infinite suffering—colic, for instance, and worms—will come not far behind. We want our favourites all and always to have—

A head like a snake and a skin like a mouse;
An eye like a woman—bright, gentle, and brown.

Such a remedy has been proposed, and practical tests that have been given to this remedy have proved so overwhelmingly successful that one feels the life of the horse can be considerably lengthened and its health and happiness materially improved. Although avowedly making a business of their remedy, the promoters are working on a mission of humanity, and it is worth while considering what they have to say.

The new treatment of horses was already in use in the German Army before it came to England. There the scientific feeding of the horse has been carried to the highest perfection, and there each large stable has its own analytical chemist. The treatment is a modification of an old food—namely, molasses—frequently used for horses in low condition, but used only sparingly on account of the presence of noxious salts. By combining peat-moss, however, with the molasses, the salts are solidified, and so pass harmless through the body, while to the nourishing virtues of the sugar are added the antiseptic and therapeutic virtues of the peat. The result is that if the preparation forms a part of the daily diet, the animal not only obtains a valuable and appetising food (for it is not a mere condiment), but also is rendered so healthy that the other foods are digested and absorbed with

much more ease and thoroughness, while the body is cleared of worms and the thousand natural ills that horseflesh is heir to.

The new food has been patented under the name of Molassine Meal, and so pronounced has been its success that after only six years the output is already enormous, and increasing by many thousands of tons annually. The value of the preparation in the case of hunters is especially remarkable. It used to be said of Leicestershire in the old days when runs were possible of—

Forty-five minutes, and each five a mile,

that "it found out the horse that ate old beans and best oats." Now they say that it finds out the horse that eats Molassine Meal. Lord Lonsdale maintains that he can tell when a horse he is riding has been fed on Molassine Meal or not.

The most striking evidence in favour of this new food for horses was given by Colonel Nunn, of the Army Veterinary Department, in the *Veterinary Journal* of May 1905, where he says in the most down-right fashion that "there is little doubt that in a short space of time it will become, in spite of all prejudice, the staple food of all classes of horses . . . aiding the digestion, and keeping the patient free from worms"; and again that it "renders a horse thoroughly fit."

Add to this the important experiments of M'Lauchlan Young, Professor of Agriculture at Aberdeen University; the testimony of the eminent public analyst, Mr. Otto Hehner; the practical experience of numberless well-known horse-breeders, horse-owners, trainers, hunting men and farmers all over the world; and the still more striking evidence of veterinary surgeons, who with one voice have welcomed the new discovery, although it must deprive them of some of their most profitable diseases. As Colonel Nunn says, the new food will become the staple food of all classes of horses, and this is evident from the testimonials, which range from breeders of polo-ponies to Mr. W. J. Phillips, M.P., who refused 1000 guineas for his Molassine-fed shire stallion, Starborough Chief.

The use of Molassine Meal has been extended with excellent results to cows, sheep, pigs, poultry, and dogs—not to mention the elephants, monkeys, bears, wolves, and hyenas of the Glasgow "Zoo." The prizes at all the important cattle-shows in the kingdom are steadily falling to Molassine-fed cows, sheep, and pigs. Take, for instance, the Lovely May Flower of the Dowager Countess of Seafeld, an Aberdeen-Angus heifer with a phenomenal record of first prizes at the Inverness, Forres, and Aberdeen Fat Cattle Shows last year. The Duke of Marlborough has been a winner with Molassine-fed shearling wethers, and pigs fed on Molassine Meal have brought prizes to Lord Haversham, Lord George Platt, the Earl of Macclesfield, and many others. So remarkable has been the success of the food with dogs that the Company is bringing out a new dog-biscuit, and record prices are being secured by poultry fed on this system. It is therefore obvious that a wonderful improvement in the feeding of animals has been brought about by this discovery. The food of horses has suffered many changes, from the days of Diomed—

The Thracian tyrant who, they say,
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,

to our own more vegetarian times. Had the Prodigal Son found this latest preparation among the husks that the swine did eat, the



Photo. Wright.
MR. FRED. LIVINGSTONE,
Managing Director.

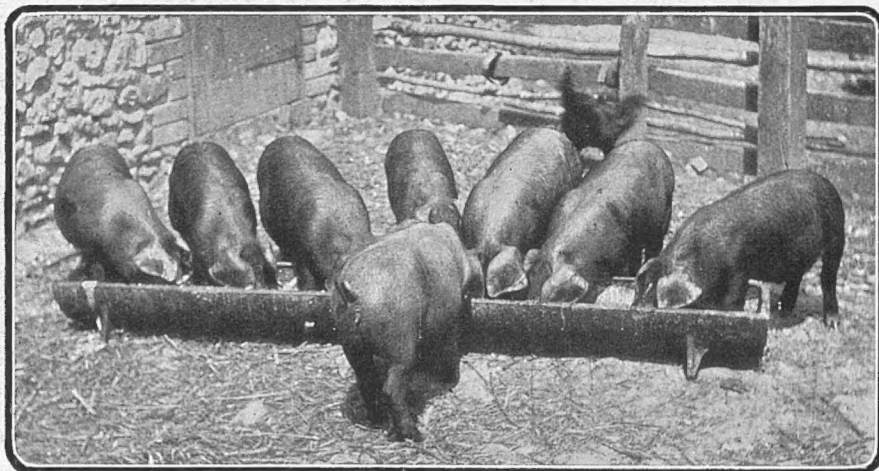


Photo. George Newbery.
A FINE FARROW OF PIGS HAVING A MOLASSINE DINNER.

chances are that he would never have returned to his father. For, after all, the molasses used in the Meal are nothing else than the black treacle which we in our time have spread on many a succulent slice of bread.

MORE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN AT THE SAVOY:

"THE GONDOLIERS."



Marco Palmieri.
(Mr. Pacie Ripple).

Giuseppe Palmieri.
(Mr. Richard Green).

1. MISS JESSIE ROSE AS TESSA, AND MR. RICHARD GREEN AS GIUSEPPE PALMIERI.

2. MR. C. H. WORKMAN AS THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

3. THE GONDOLIERS AS JOINT-KINGS OF BARATARIA.

Photographs by The Dover Street Studios.

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Feb. 6, 1907.

Signature.....

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"MR. HOOK" DESCRIBES HIS ADVENTUROUS TRIP TO HOLLAND.

"Miss Hook of Holland" was produced at the Prince of Wales's on Thursday last. Mr. G. P. Huntley, who is playing Mr. Hook, recently went to Holland in search of character-studies. He here narrates his adventures.

P.M.

- 8.35. Left Liverpool Street after long rehearsal.
 10.35. Arrived Harwich.
 11.0. Left Harwich (per steamer, gale blowing).
 11.10. Hurried exit from smoking-saloon to cabin.
 * * * * *
 A.M.
 5.20. Arrived Hook of Holland (feeling nice and fresh????).
 5.49. Left Hook for Amsterdam.
 5.59. Went to sleep in corner of carriage.
 6.12. Woke up with start—and impression of railway company's monogram on face.
 6.15. Went to sleep again.
 7.15. Woke up hurriedly—looked out of window and saw windmill.
 7.16. Dozed off again; steam-heat in carriage getting unbearable.
 7.21. Woke up again with slight feeling of suffocation; opened window. In doing so caught sight of another windmill. Went to opposite side



"HURRIED EXIT FROM SMOKING-SALOON TO CABIN."

A.M.

- 9.45. Woke up, dressed hurriedly, had small breakfast, started for Island of Marken per ferry, electric tram, steam-launch, fishing-smack—every kind of conveyance except tricycles.

- 10.17. Arrived Marken, found natives were on a visit to their uncles. Caught sight of small child in Dutch costume, found same had been supplied by Clarkson. Bought two thousand post-cards; went into hotel of the Island to address same, and send off to wife's friends in America. Ordered drink—native; thick yellow fluid in bottle brought; asked name of same; told, Avocat; explained to bar-keeper that I had had several. On board steamer; still feeling shaky.



"ARRIVED HOOK OF HOLLAND (FEELING NICE AND FRESH????)"

A.M.

- 12 15. Arrived Amsterdam.
 P.M.
 7.0. Went to hotel, addressed post-cards to wife's friends, finished.
 7.30. Went to musical hall to get local touches.



"WENT TO SLEEP—DREAMT OF WINDMILLS."



"ALLOTTED ROOM NO. 13, TELEPHONE NO. 13."



"CAUGHT SIGHT OF CHILD IN DUTCH COSTUME—SUPPLIED BY CLARKSON."



"THE DANDY BROADWAY GIRLS—LACKING IN LOCAL COLOUR."

of carriage, looked out of window, saw hundreds of windmills.

A.M.

- 7.24. Went to sleep—dreamt of windmills.
 8.15. Arrived Amsterdam.
 8.17. Got into first hotel omnibus in sight.
 8.19. Suddenly remembered small bag and bowler left on rack.
 8.47. Recovered same; went through usual Customs examination—declared no bombs or Woodbines; passed.
 8.52. Got into another hotel omnibus; loud ejaculations from driver of first—oblivious to same; went to sleep in corner of 'bus.
 9.5. Arrived at hotel; allotted room No. 13, telephone No. 13, waiter's number on collar, 13; had warm bath, went to bed.



"HURRIED EXIT FROM MUSIC-HALL."



"THREE CHEERS FROM TWO DIRTY BOYS ON STEP."

A.M.

- 8.0. Arrived London (feeling nice and fresh????)
 11.0 sharp. Rehearsal (with introduction of Dutch items gathered from the trip.)

- P.M.
 7.45. First item on programme—cinematograph—"Views of London Life"—not what I had come for.
 8.0. Second item, "The Dandy Broadway Girls," not so bad, but, still, lacking in local colour.

- P.M.
 8.2. Suddenly remembered hadn't much time to catch train and boat back to England—hurried exit from music-hall.

- 9.11. Arrived hotel—distributed thousands of Dutch threepenny bits to various members of the hotel staff. "Good-bye!" Three cheers from two dirty boys on steps.

Return journey same, only worse.

G. P. HUNTLEY.



THE CLUBMAN

FEHIM PASHA, HEAD OF THE SULTAN'S SECRET POLICE—THE GRIDIRON CLUB OF WASHINGTON—
THE SPHINX CLUB.

FEHIM PASHA seems to be in real trouble at last, for he has a quarrel with the Germans, and the great six-foot-high Ambassador who lives in the enormous yellow building, with eagles at each corner, which towers above the Golden Horn is not a person to be slighted, for he is as great a power as Fehim himself. Last autumn I journeyed to Constantinople in the Sud Express, which carried the German Ambassador back to his post, and I was much impressed by his stature and the sense of power that was about him. Driving from the railway-station to the hotel, I passed on the Galata Bridge a carriage going at a great pace, with two mounted men in uniform behind it. "Fehim Pasha," said the dragoman, taking it for granted that I must know all about him; but when I asked who Fehim Pasha was, the dragoman was not inclined to be communicative. I was told that he was the head of the Secret Police, and a great favourite with the Sultan, but beyond that my informant was not inclined to go, for, as he said, the police have ears everywhere.

I heard in other quarters plenty of tales about Fehim, for he is one of the most interesting subjects of conversation in Constantinople. He is the favourite A.D.C. to his Majesty, and complaints concerning him never reach the Sultan's ears. He holds, or has held, Constantinople in his hand, and anything he took a fancy to was, it is said, given him by its possessor, especially if that possessor happened to be an Armenian. His latest exploit has been to seize a shipload of wood belonging to a German subject, and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein has demanded his arrest under the penal code. Banishment or penal servitude and deprivation of all rank are the punishments for such an offence, and there will be a tremendous struggle between the European element, represented by the German Ambassador, and all the forces of corrupt officialdom as to whether Fehim is to be punished or not. If he is not punished the Government officials of Constantinople will become even greater thieves and rascals than many of them are now. The Sultan has, however, a way of throwing his dearest friends to the wolves without a shudder when the necessity arises, and Fehim seems likely to end his days carrying out a rest-cure in some remote town of Asia Minor.

The Gridiron Club of Washington is an institution which is thoroughly American and democratic. Its annual dinner is an occasion for plain speaking tempered by humour, and the litterateurs and journalists who are the hosts on this occasion bring together

men absolutely opposed in politics, who chaff each other, knowing that what they say will not find its way into print. The President is generally a guest, and it gives him an opportunity of having what the Americans call a heart-to-heart talk with the men who mould public opinion. Anyone who rises to make a speech can say what he likes to any of the great men present, and any hard knock given is invariably received with smiles. A little entertainment, somewhat in the form of a French revue, is generally provided, and the principal guests of the evening see themselves satirised on the platform. The great men of America like these meetings. They are to them the mummy of the Egyptian feast. They seem to remind them that they are mortal.

That this year some of the incidents of the Gridiron dinner have found their way into print is a great pity, for in future all the guests will fear that anything they say may be recorded against them and used in politics. There is one little club in London where men of all parties and all professions meet and talk with the utmost freedom. If anything said within the walls of this club is repeated outside and any harm is done thereby, all the servants of the club are liable to instant dismissal, for it is held to be impossible that any member should have transgressed the etiquette of the club and have repeated anything which could cause annoyance in any way to a brother member, and therefore that any leakage must have occurred owing to the servants having gossiped outside the club walls. This drastic measure of giving notice to the entire personnel has never, fortunately, been necessary.

It would be a salutary experience for some of our public men if clubs on the

model of the Washington Gridiron were established in London and other big cities of the Empire, for they are excellent cures for that strange disease, the "swollen head," which is more prevalent in England than in America. In Freemasonry such a club does exist. Some jovial, genial, and commonsense members of the great charitable organisation called Masonry grew tired of the eulogistic speeches and the compliments which are made and exchanged at all Masonic banquets, so they established a club which meets to dine once a year, and is called the Sphinx. The rules of this club are a curiosity. No man can become a mem-

ber of it unless he is unanimously blackballed, and in proposing a candidate his sponsor has to say, or invent, as much as is possible against the character of the neophyte.



THE YOUNGEST COLLEGE MAN IN AMERICA: MASTER NORBERT WIENER, AGED ELEVEN.

Master Wiener is the son of Professor Wiener, of Harvard. He knew his alphabet when he was eighteen months old; began to read when he was three; and at the age of eight was reading Huxley, Darwin, Ribot, and Haeckel. Like the rest of his family, he is a vegetarian. He was born on the 26th of November, 1894, and he now enters the freshman class of Tufts College after but three and a half years of schooling.

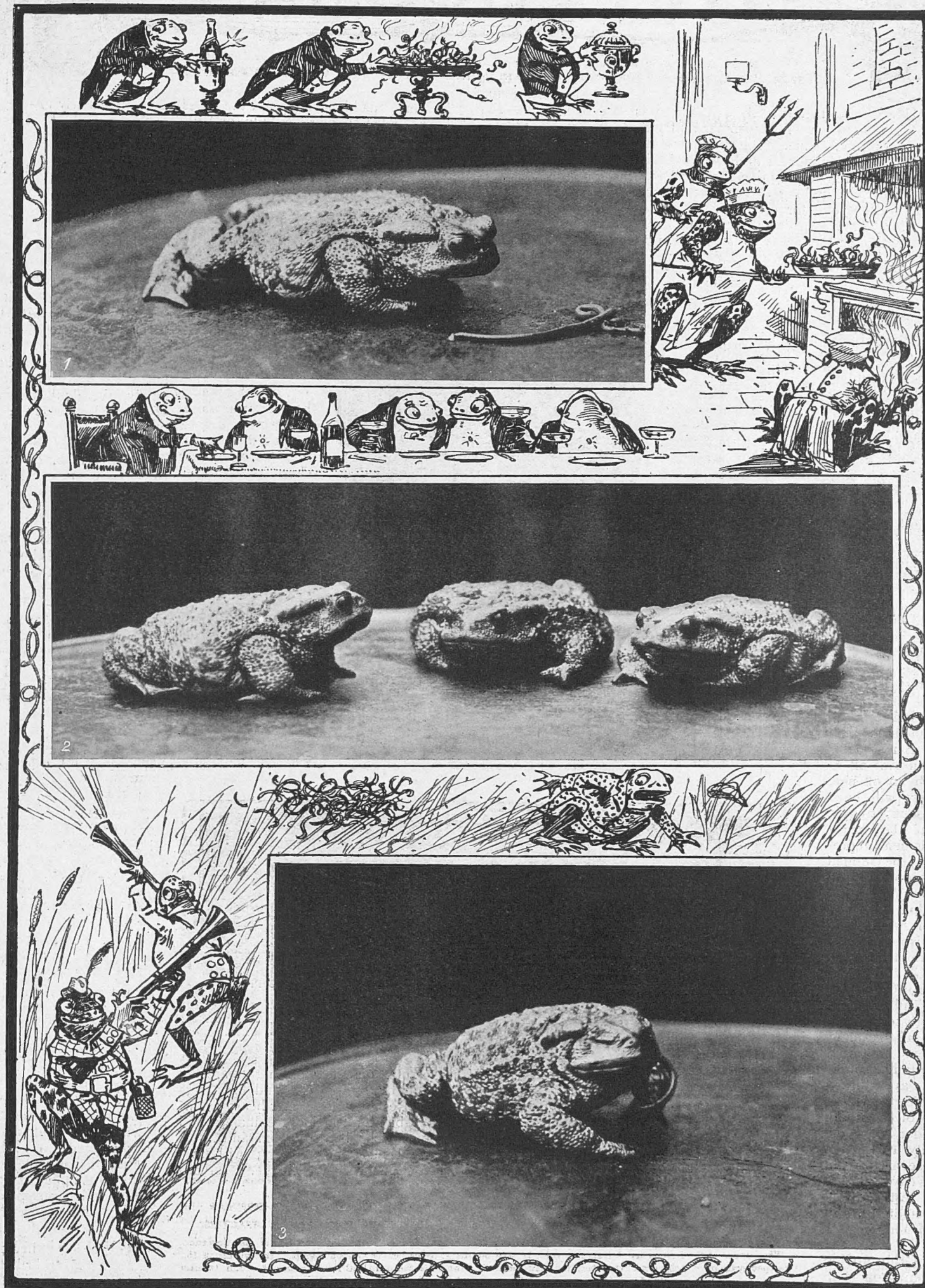


LADIES WHO WOULD BE PICTURE-POSTCARD GIRLS IF THE FASHION WERE POPULAR IN FRENCH GUINEA: PRIZE-WINNERS IN A RECENT COMPETITION FOR AFRICAN BEAUTIES.

A beauty competition for native women was recently held in French Guinea, under the patronage of the Governor. The winner of the first prize, 20 francs in gold, is seen on the extreme left of our photograph; the winner of the second prize of 15 francs is next to her, and then come the winners of the third and fourth prizes of 10 and 5 francs respectively. There were consolation prizes of mirrors, combs, pins, and so forth.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

IV.—THE WORM-HUNTING TOADS.



1. ANTICIPATION.

2. DISCUSSING THE BANQUET.

3. REALISATION AND SATISFACTION.

Photographs by F. Martin-Duncan, F.R.P.S.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE PLAYHOUSE—"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD"—M. COQUELIN—"THE LADY DANDIES"—
"MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

THE event of the week certainly was the opening of the Playhouse—a far handsomer and more comfortable theatre than the Avenue. The new home of drama started capably with a real popular success and the well wishes of countless playgoers, all sincerely hoping that Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery will have a long career of prosperity. The occasion, of course, was not one for criticism. Everyone felt too amiable for that. Mr. Shaw's quaint address was received with roars of laughter, though there was some emotion at one or two pathetic passages. "The Drums of Oude," excellently acted, with Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Kenneth Douglas in the parts originally played by Miss Mabel Hackney and Mr. Matheson Lang, thrilled the house agreeably. "Toddlers," in the remarkable cast of which there have been few changes, went even better than upon the first night. And afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier and Mr. Beerbohm Tree came to grace the proceedings, in honour of which a handsome souvenir was presented to members of the audience, containing many photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Maude in characters in which they have delighted the public.

The reappearance of Mr. James Welch at Wyndham's Theatre was very welcome, and there was a hearty round of applause when he came on as the dapper little Sir Guy de Vere. Since he is supposed to belong to an ancient and honourable family I do not know why he chose to adopt a rather common style, that no doubt enhanced the humours of a remarkably clever comic performance, yet seemed outside the scheme of the play; possibly his answer would be that "When Knights were Bold" is only a scheme, and not exactly a play, and that he was therefore entitled to a free hand. This sounds very true; regarded as a play, the work of "Charles Marlowe" is naught, but it gives one of our cleverest and most fertile low-comedians a capital opportunity of showing his capacity for entertaining an audience by the hour. Worshippers of music-hall stars, when comparing them with performers in the legitimate and explaining their failure in the ordinary theatres, point out that their work is essentially self-centred and intensely concentrated—that they put the whole vitality of a day into a few minutes, and are at sea when asked to spread their work over a couple of hours or so. Mr. Welch showed the intensity of work typical of the music-hall artist, but he spread it over two hours and a half without obvious diminution of intensity. It was, I think, the most wonderful piece of sustained high-pressure acting that I recollect, and everywhere marked by clever little bits of "business," by skill in execution that gave a pleasure to the critical entirely apart from the dramatic value of the performance.

Moreover, the author has given full scope for wild fun in the act where the twentieth-century degenerate, with a spark of warm blood

in him, finds himself back in the times of the peculiarly un-English king, Richard Cœur de Lion, and endeavours, despite his modern ideas, to accommodate himself to the brutal manners of the twelfth century. Among those who supported Mr. Welch it is but fair to mention Miss Audrey Ford, quite effective as his sweetheart; Miss Daisy Cordell, and Messrs. H. J. Ford and G. F. Tully.

For his second week at the French theatre Mr. Mayer has played a trump card by presenting M. Coquelin and a competent company in some popular Molière plays, and a famous, funny farce of Labiche, "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon." M. Coquelin represents one branch of dramatic art to perfection, and none of us can easily conceive a Monsieur Jourdain who is not M. Coquelin. Fortunately, there are no signs of any abatement in his popularity.

It was wise, obviously, to change the name of "Les Merveilleuses" to "The Lady Dandies," and also to get Mr. Huntley Wright back to Daly's. We must not call the modified version of the play a second edition—Mr. Edwards forbids—but are permitted to refer to the fact that several novel numbers were introduced last Wednesday, and the piece took a rather new complexion. Mr. Huntley Wright had a prodigious success—his work in the legitimate has not injured his style—and the Hood-Monckton songs went very well. Miss Evie Greene, Miss Denise Orme, and the rest of the cast worked with a hearty will, so that the piece is now a perfect feast for the crowds of Dalynes.

No doubt there is nothing Dutch about "Miss Hook of Holland" save the scenery and costumes—so much the wiser, since the public would hardly like real "Batavian" humour. The costumes and scenery, which delighted almost

everyone on the first night, are fortunate in that age will add beauty by toning down and blending them. Mr. Rubens' music is effective enough—rather heavy when sentimental, but with a jolly, brass-band rattle in the finales, and lively tunes for the comic songs. The book by him and Mr. Hurgon is quite coherent, and treated most respectfully; without being a miracle of dramatic invention or witty dialogue, it serves to give the popular performers a chance. Mr. G. P. Huntley in the part of a comic old Dutchman is very funny, and in a nicely restrained fashion gives a real piece of comic acting. Mr. George Barrett, as another comic Dutchman, is quite cleverly amusing. A hit was made by Miss Gracie Leigh, a quaint, coquettish soubrette, and her song concerning her petticoats had the loudest encores of the evening. Miss Isabel Jay and Mr. Walter Hyde had the serious singing and acting; and their rendering of Mr. Rubens' tunes was excellent. Mr. Herbert Clayton and Miss Gwendoline Brogden, a pair of secondary lovers, pleased the audience by their singing. So, if the production is not absolutely the best of its class, it is at least above the average.



Solange (Mlle. Greuze).

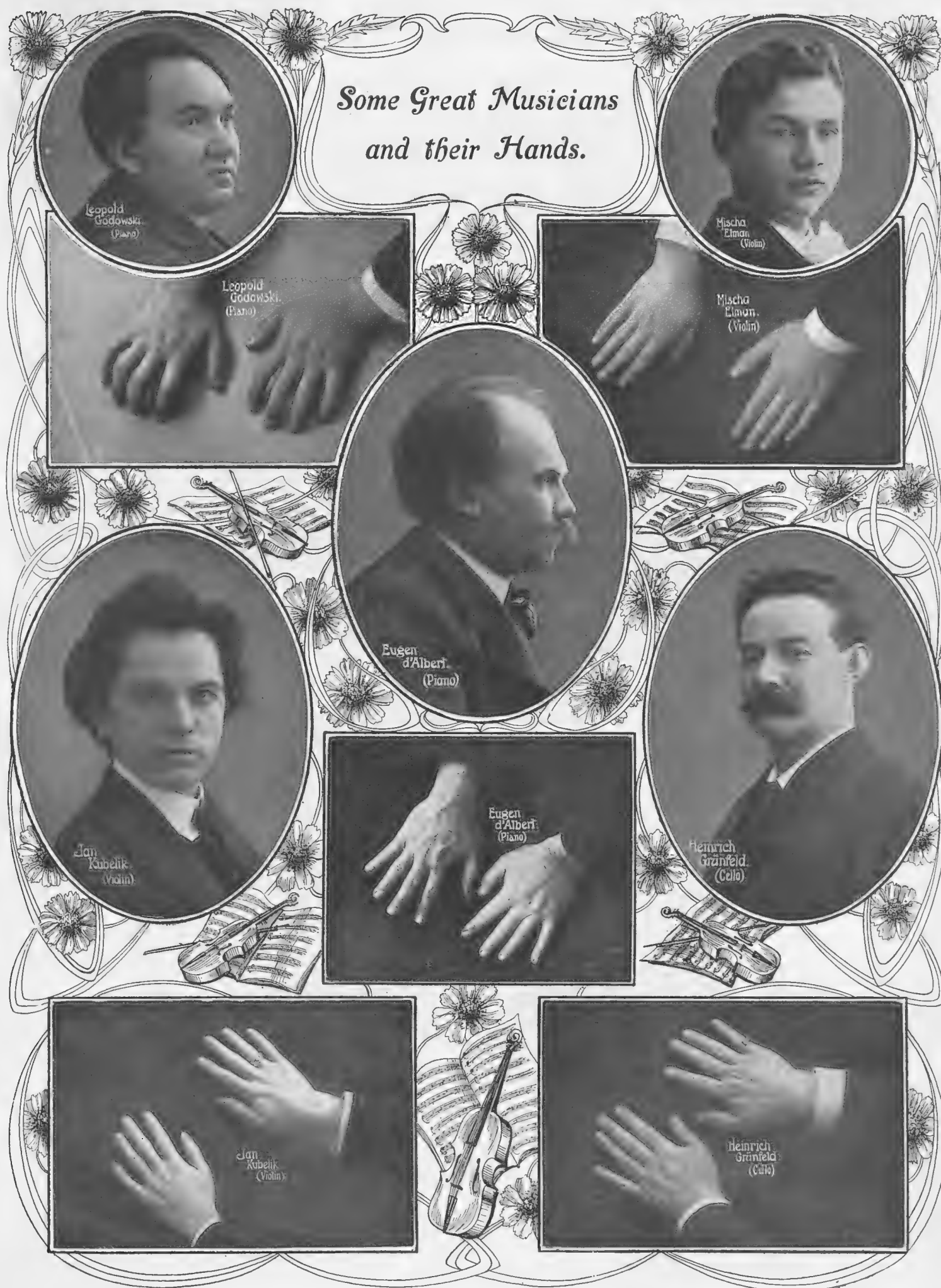
Jacasse (Madame Sarah Bernhardt).

THE DIVINE SARAH AS A HUMPBACKED DWARF: MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
IN "LES BOUFFONS."

Madame Bernhardt has added to her many rôles that of a dwarf-hunchback, "Jacasse," in "Les Bouffons," a new play by M. Miguel Zamacois, and has made in it a great personal success.

Photograph by Manuel.

HANDS THAT ARE INSURED FOR ENORMOUS SUMS.



There is hardly a great musician who does not insure his hands against accident—an obvious and very necessary precaution.
Some of the policies are, of course, for very large sums.

Photographs by Otto Becker and Maass.

SMALL TALK



MR. HERBERT FOSTER, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE reading of the King's Speech at the opening of the session next week will not occasion his Majesty any nervousness. He will have had the opportunity to master its contents beforehand, and will come to the House of Lords letter-perfect, as well as armed with a copy of the speech itself. The King really *speaks* his speeches from the throne; he does not intone them. This gives life and actuality to an otherwise very formal, if picturesque ceremony. He learned early the necessity for making quite sure of his part before attempting to discharge a public

between his father and elder brother, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, over the latter's marriage. The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt senior left Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt with nine millions sterling and potential riches beyond enumeration—this when he was barely one-and-twenty. His elder brother had been cut off with a beggarly £300,000. The younger man did a noble thing: he relinquished from his share a sum to bring up his brother's patrimony to £1,500,000. Then he married another fortune of £2,000,000. He has the family faculty for business, and he is the inventor



MRS. HERBERT FOSTER, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

From a Photograph.

duty. The occasion was a Royal Academy banquet. The Prince, as he then was, got along famously at the beginning of his speech, but half-way through something broke in upon his thoughts. He halted, lost. Most men would have excused themselves and sat down. He did not. He was silent until he had recovered the lost thread; then he finished gallantly. "It is so provoking; I knew it by heart this morning," he said, as he resumed his seat. "Next time you'll have to sing a song," came the laughing answer of another member of the royal family.

Last Week's Smart Wedding. An exceptionally pretty winter wedding took place last Wednesday (Jan. 30.) at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, for the bride, the

elder of Lord and Lady Robert Brudenell-Bruce's two daughters, was blessed with bright sunshine. The bridegroom, Mr. Herbert Foster, of Littlemoor, Queensbury, is deservedly popular in the West Riding, and a great gathering of Yorkshire friends and neighbours were present at his marriage, though, owing to mourning in the young bride's family, the event was shorn of some of its festive glory.

Speed, Speed, Speed.

One of the most interesting young men in the world is Mr. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, of whom, as of his magnificent horses, all sporting England is talking. It is refreshing to find a master of many millions still steadfast, in these days of the motor-car, to his old love for the horse. But a Vanderbilt horse must be a good horse. Mr. Vanderbilt has none but the finest in his stud. He is the head of his house, a circumstance due to the estrangement



WHERE MANY OF MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT'S MAGNIFICENT STUD OF HORSES ARE TRAINED: THE YOUNG AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE'S "RING" AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Mr. Vanderbilt is to exhibit 26 horses, together with carriages, harness, and accessories, at the International Horse Show, to be held at Olympia in June, the said exhibit being worth, it is said, some £100,000. Mr. Vanderbilt himself is already here. His stud of American trotting-horses is probably the finest in the world.—[Photograph supplied by Boldak.]



MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, HOLDER OF THE COACHING RECORD BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK, AND ONE OF HIS FAMOUS TEAMS.

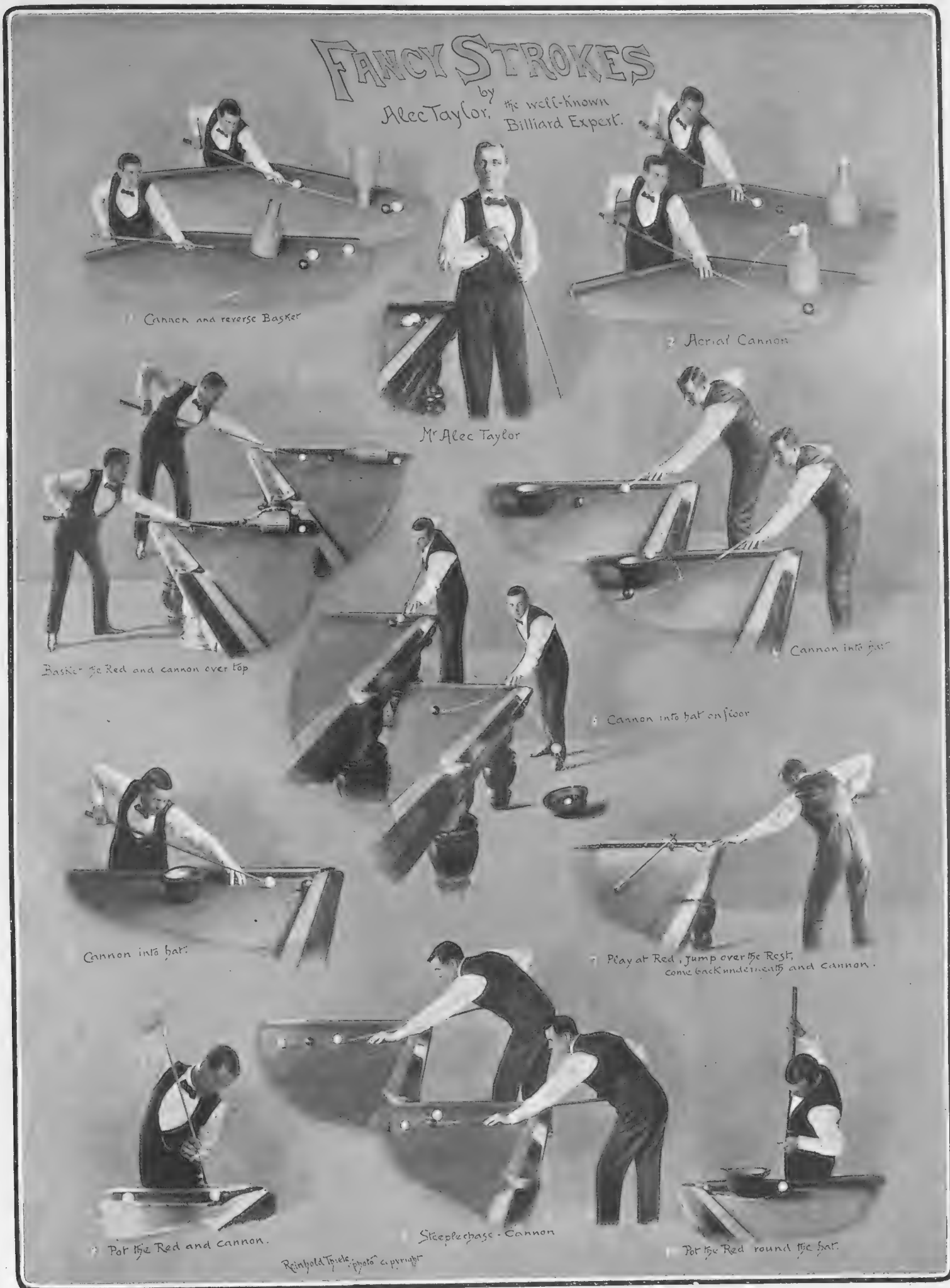
Mr. Vanderbilt's most famous coaching team is his greys, and this he is bringing to Olympia. It has already been exhibited on twenty-three occasions in the United States, and has never been defeated. The most interesting of the six greys is Viscount, who was drawing a hack—or as we should say, a cab—in the streets of New York when Mr. Vanderbilt purchased him. The young millionaire holds the coaching record between Philadelphia and New York. On the return journey, his coach and team covered the 190 miles in 19 hours 32 minutes.—[Photograph by the Scott Studio.]

of a trumpet, has been considered the exhilarating colour. But a French inventor has changed all that; for he has discovered that blue lights, combined with hangings, furniture, carpets, windows, and so on—all blue—are wonderfully exhilarating to

Blue as a Cure for the "Blues." Hitherto red, which the blind man compared to the sound

of a trumpet, has been considered the exhilarating colour. But a French inventor has changed all that; for he has discovered that blue lights, combined with hangings, furniture, carpets, windows, and so on—all blue—are wonderfully exhilarating to people with "nerves," and also soothing, plunging them into a pleasant slumber. The ingenious man has even applied this discovery to dentistry. No more the terrible "muzzle" and the bag of "laughing-gas." Our noble Gaul directs an isolated blue ray on the patient's eyes, and there ensues deep sleep, which lasts two or three minutes, and this, it is naïvely explained, is "generally sufficient to have a tooth drawn." Does it sometimes take an hour or two? Henceforth, to have a fit of the "blues" will suggest intoxication rather than depression; while a "blue" story will no longer be one calculated to redden the cheek, but rather one to induce refreshing slumber.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: TRICK BILLIARDS.



1. CANNON AND REVERSE BASKET.

2. AN AERIAL CANNON.

3. BASKET THE RED AND CANNON OVER TOP.

4. CANNON INTO HAT ON TABLE.

5. CANNON INTO HAT ON FLOOR.

6. CANNON INTO HAT OFF CUSHION.

7. PLAY AT RED, JUMP OVER THE REST,

COME BACK UNDERNEATH, AND CANNON.

8. POT THE RED AND CANNON.

9. STEEPLCHASE CANNON.

10. POT THE RED ROUND THE HAT.

Mr. Alec Taylor is willing to prove the possibility of these tricks to anyone challenging him to do so.

For full details see our "Woman About Town" Page. Copyright photographs by Reinhold Thiele.



THE WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER TO THIS COUNTRY: THE COUNTESS DE LALAING.

Photograph by Thomson.

visit is of a strictly private nature, and they are travelling—as they have done before—as the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster. Their stay is being made at the British Embassy. The King's plans after the opening of Parliament are at present somewhat indefinite, but it is generally believed that after a visit to Biarritz he will go for a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. Meantime, great preparations are being made for the royal opening of the new Sessions House, Old Bailey, which is fixed for the 22nd, and for the expenses of which the Court of Common Council has voted a sum of fifteen hundred golden guineas.

The Countess de Lalaing. Belgium is peculiarly important from the diplomatic point of view owing to the fact that, though but a Legation, it counts as one of the "family Embassies," for the King of the Belgians is closely related to our own royal family. At the present moment, the Belgian Minister, the Count de Lalaing, is one of the most popular figures in the diplomatic world, and he is especially fortunate in his helpmeet, who is the daughter of a former Grand Master of the Ceremonies to the late King of Holland. The Count and Countess have private links with this country, owing to the fact that the Belgian Minister's mother was a Scotch lady belonging to a famous clan. Unfortunately the Countess is very delicate, and she is not able to take as prominent a part in diplomatic entertainments as she would like to do. The King of the Belgians is always very particular as to whom he sends to represent him in England, for great traditions were left by that veteran diplomatist, M. Van de Weyer, who ended by becoming one of Queen Victoria's closest friends, and whose children made England their home, the youngest daughter being the present Lady Esher.

Lady Mayoress of Belfast. Both the young Duke of Westminster's sisters married belted Earls, but from a general point of view perhaps the more interesting of the two is young Lady Shaftesbury, whose husband has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Belfast at a special meeting of the City Corporation. To be the mistress of such an historic mansion as St. Giles's House can be no easy matter. The present peer's grandfather attained world-wide fame as the greatest of noble philanthropists, and without belonging to the "unco' guid," both Lord Shaftesbury and his young wife live up to the famous name they bear, and Lady Shaftesbury has shown herself a woman of wide and intelligent social sympathies. Appointed Lady of

THE KING and Queen are paying what may perhaps be called a surprise visit to Paris, for until the very eve of their departure their Majesties' plans were unknown, save to themselves and their immediate circle. The King and Queen left London on Saturday, and are due to return next Saturday. Their

the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, she took part in the historic tour made by the Heir Apparent and his Consort through India. Though a good deal in London, both Lord and Lady Shaftesbury delight in their Dorset home, and when there Lady Shaftesbury spends much

of her time with her little son and daughter, the former of whom, Lord Ashley, is the eldest of Lady Grosvenor's grandchildren.



A SOCIETY WRITER OF SONGS SUNG BY MADAME PATTI: LADY EUAN-SMITH.

Photograph by Rinton and Bristow-Noble.

Lady Euan-Smith. Of the many talented amateur musicians now in Society few enjoy a wider personal and musical popularity than Lady Euan-Smith, whose serious illness last spring was a source of concern and grief to a very large circle of well-known folk. Herself the daughter of a noted soldier, the late General Alexander, R.A., Lady Euan-Smith has had a life full of interesting episodes and adventures, but at no time was she so unwise as to neglect her remarkable gift; and when Sir Charles was British Resident at Zanzibar, the only grand piano in that wild country was to be found in his wife's drawing-room. Lady Euan-Smith is that rather rare and fortunate individual, a successful composer. Her songs win the enthusiastic approval of both professionals and amateurs, and have been sung by most of the leading singers of the day, including Madame Patti. She is herself a pianist and a generous critic of other composers' work.

Lady Evelyn Ewart. One of the most agreeable couples about the Court are Sir Henry and Lady Evelyn Ewart, and the former, as Crown Equerry, has very responsible

duties to perform in connection with such pageants as that which will fill Westminster with sightseers next week. Lady Evelyn is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ancaster, and so she was well known to the royal family even before her marriage, which took place in the year that followed the Golden Jubilee. Needless to say, she is a first-rate horsewoman and a fine whip, and she takes almost as much interest in the royal stables as does Sir Henry himself. Sir Henry's London house bears the quaint address, Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace; but Lady Evelyn is far more comfortably lodged than are many of those connected with the Court, and she has, of course, the enjoyment of the delightful park which stretches behind our Sovereign's London home. Queen Victoria took a very active interest in the welfare of all her dependents, and both Sir Henry and Lady Evelyn often conveyed messages of kindly sympathy from the aged Sovereign to old and faithful servants connected with the royal stables. Each winter Lady Evelyn presides over a "treat" given to the children and wives of those connected with the Royal Mews, a treat that, it is needless to say, is an annual delight.



THE NEW LADY MAYORESS OF BELFAST: LADY SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE WIFE OF THE CROWN EQUERRY: LADY EVELYN EWART.

Photograph by R. B. Corway.

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STICK TO YOUR CUSTOMER!



MOTORETTE: Good morning, Mr. Blobbs. I want some bloater-paste, please.

MR. BLOBS: Very sorry, Ma'am. I'm afraid we've just run out of bloater-paste, Ma'am.
But we've an excellent line in fish-glue.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN she was playing Cleopatra in Sardou's play Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has just made so great a personal success in "Les Bouffons," had an adventure which it is safe to say will not be paralleled by Miss Constance Collier at His Majesty's. It will be remembered that the great French actress used a real snake in the death scene, and she became greatly attached to the little reptiles which did duty at night for the serpent whose "sting" proved fatal to the Queen of Egypt. Madame Bernhardt used actually to slip jewelled rings and chains on the bodies of her little snakes, with a view to enhancing their beauty. At the time the actress was playing the part in London she lived in a house in St. John's Wood. One Sunday afternoon, as a young lady was walking down the street she noticed something glittering on the garden path of one of the houses. Not knowing what to do, and seeing at a glance that the "something" was studded with jewels, evidently of great value, she opened her parasol and, holding it to the ground, she caught the little creature in it. Then she shut the parasol and held the ends of the ribs tightly in her hand. The next minute the door of the house opened and a lady rushed out in a state of wild excitement, followed by an army of servants. Her hair was dishevelled, her arms were waving, and she was crying aloud. The girl, surmising from her knowledge of French that something of value had been lost, and recognising the great actress, approached and asked if she was looking for a small animal studded with jewels, adding that she had just found it and had got it safely in her parasol. With a scream of delight, the actress flung herself into her arms, hailed her as her benefactor and saviour, and led the way back into the house, where the parasol was opened, and the wriggling truant was restored unharmed to its mistress's delighted arms. Nothing would suit Madame Bernhardt but that her new-found friend should stay to tea; and when, eventually, she took her leave, she was asked for her name and address, which, she was assured, would never be forgotten. Months went by, and when Christmas arrived it brought with it a small parcel for the finder of the snake. On opening it the young lady discovered not only a charming letter, reminding her of the circumstance, but also a valuable jewel, which she was asked to wear as a souvenir of the great French actress's eternal gratitude.

MISS FLORA MACDONNELL AS THE STRANGE LADY (DISGUISED AS A LIEUTENANT) IN THE DUBLIN PLAYERS' CLUB'S PRESENTATION OF "THE MAN OF DESTINY."

BERNARD SHAW'S "THE MAN OF DESTINY," PRODUCED BY HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

Photographs by Bradshaw.

people make a point of collecting as many poses as they see, and one little girl has a collection of close on three hundred representations of Miss Gertie Millar alone. A large number of people send these cards to be autographed, and some of them are so inconsiderate that they send a batch of twenty or thirty at a time. It not infrequently happens also that some of these good folk forget to put stamps on the cards, which they also omit to address in their anxiety to get something more from the actress than her mere signature. If the letters enclosing the cards happen to be destroyed there is no possibility of finding out to whom they belong, and in that case it is by no means rare for the actress to receive a peremptory or even a rude letter drawing her attention to the neglect in having omitted to autograph and return the postcards. As to the number of picture postcards of Miss Millar that have been circulated, there are no means of making an exact calculation.

Will the Hicks Theatre be re-christened? Should it be, the person least surprised would be the popular actor-author who is its proprietor and after whom it is named. It is a common statement that it takes weeks, if not months, for the general public to become acquainted with the address of a new theatre. To this rule the Hicks is the traditional exception.

Even the day after it was opened the cabmen knew where it was. With a unanimity worthy of a better cause, they all call it the "IX." It is this fact which has induced Mr. Seymour Hicks himself to say that it would not surprise him if, in consequence of the appearance of the letters, they were to re-christen his house the "Nine Theatre." It would not be altogether inappropriate, for already it is a dwelling-place of several of the Muses, and who knows but that in time Melpomene and certain other of her sisters may not have apartments there?

"Major Jennings," the new three-act farce to be produced on Monday at the Camden Theatre, under the personal direction of the author, is the first long play by Mr. F. A. Besant Rice, whose name is in itself a happy augury for his success. He is the son of the late James Rice, who wrote in collaboration with the late Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Besant Rice's godfather. Educated at St. Paul's School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, Mr. Rice was soon attracted to the drama, and he took part in the performances of the Footlights Dramatic Club at Cambridge. "Major Jennings" is the second of Mr. Besant Rice's plays to be performed, for "Forty Shillings," was produced in April last year at the Brixton Theatre. The play to be presented on Monday is called "Major Jennings" for the sufficiently comprehensive reason that there is no such character in it. At present Mr. Besant Rice is completing a new play of a more serious character, which will be produced in the late spring. It is called "Jim," and deals with the affairs of a young couple who, poor to start with, are discontented, and live to learn that wealth, when it comes, does not mean unadulterated happiness. It is interesting to recall the fact that for several years prior to 1905 Mr. Besant Rice was private secretary to Mr. Pinero.



Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



I.—THE PICTURE-POSTCARD SMILE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

READERS of "Coningsby" will remember the passage in which Mr. Milbank, the Lancashire mill-owner, tells Harry Coningsby that the fine gentlemen who saunter through life believe there is no romance in the heart of a man who engages in the turmoil of trade. Praed, perhaps, rather encouraged the idea Milbank thus repudiated when he made the young poet who "wrote delightful sapphics" declare, with rhyme if not with reason, that "he hated trades and traffics." The shop, it may fairly be owned, is not a nursery for poets, or for literary men of any sort. The bookseller's shop at Lichfield that produced Samuel Johnson was naturally an exception—it was booky. Two English men of Letters had tailors for their fathers: but tailors have always been men of ideas—though why of Radical ideas Lady Paget has in vain tried to explain. Mr. H. G. Wells is perhaps the only living author of renown who has actually served behind a counter; but he escaped that thralldom as quickly as he could; and though but for that experience we might never have had "Kipps," it was an experience that would have been fatal, one imagines, to any mere talent—to anything less than the genius that Mr. Wells has shown himself to possess.

Mr. William Whiteley may have been a man of romances, but it is safe to say that they never found literary expression, and that his nearest connection with poetry was to be discovered in the initials that he signed to countless thousands of docketts—the W. W. he possessed in common with William Wordsworth and William Watson. All the same, literary ambitions smoulders where it is last looked for; and just as Raphael liked better than all his canvases the sonnet he wrote, and Dante a picture he painted better than all his great poetry, so it happened that the Universal Provider often spoke with elation of a little (paid-for) article he contributed on one occasion to a weekly paper. Sir Thomas Lipton, I see, wrote a small sketch of his compeer; but Sir Thomas himself is not a one-article man, having contributed to several important periodicals, such as the *North American Review*, *Collier's Weekly*, and the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*.

Great curiosity is felt in the book trade about the terms on which the *Times* will publish, through its Book Club, the official Life of Lord Beaconsfield, the work of an able member of its staff. We are all impressed with the earnest desire of the *Times* to cheapen literature, and here will be literally a golden opportunity. Instead of the thirty-two shillings, or the twenty-eight, that might be asked by a mere publisher, will the *Times* mark the two volumes at twelve shillings or at eight? Of course, the book can be done at that price, on the basis of the calculations put forward by the *Times* to prove how dead is the novel at six shillings. But, then, there is the property in the book held by somebody

other than the biographer or the publisher, which these calculations usually ignore. In this case it is the Disraeli estate which has the opportunity of enrichment to the extent of at least £10,000—a sum which one other publisher actually offered. If the *Times* ever approached Mr. Coningsby Disraeli with any proposition to act the benevolent to the reader at the copyright-owner's expense, I can confidently assume his answer to either Mr. Moberly Bell or Mr. Hooper: a reply as studiously polite as Bulwer Lytton's when he had a quarrel with publishers he did not personally know. Bulwer went down to their office and saw a gentleman whom he addressed in the classic alternative: "If you are Saunders, d—— Otley! If you are Otley, d—— Saunders!"

We often hear of the stock case of the farmer who spent his shillings on a book by Ruskin which he thought would help him to construct his sheep-folds; but we had thought it impossible that any misunderstanding of Ruskin's attitude towards Doré would sell a copy of the illustrated "Contes Drolatiques." Ruskin wrote of this work, in his "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne," that "both text and illustrations (by Gustave Doré) are powerful as it is ever in the nature of evil things to be—(there is no final strength but in rightness)." And again, "The text is full of blasphemies, subtle, tremendous, hideous in shamelessness, some put into the mouths of priests; the illustrations are, in a word, one continuous revelry in the most loathsome and monstrous aspects of death and sin, enlarged into fantastic ghastliness of caricature, as if seen through the distortion and trembling of the hot smoke of the mouth of hell." For Ruskin did not mince his words about an author and an artist who were not mincing in their dealings with the profane.

But here is what the ingenious compiler of the latest of book-catalogues makes of the criticism—

BALZAC.—LES CONTES DROLATIQUES, édition illustrée de 425 dessins par Gustave Doré, 8vo, Londres, 1864. 10s. 6d.

The illustrations to the Contes Drolatiques are full of power and originality.—RUSKIN. *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*.

This "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" consists of twenty-five letters, written to Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working cork-cutter of Sunderland. Perhaps Ruskin wrote to no other cork-cutter, and perhaps he wrote no series of twenty-five letters built on such splendid foundations of reason, or with such consecutive argument; but he wrote a hundred times twenty-five letters that are too brilliant for the obscurity in which numbers of them still lie. They are charming, gay, fantastic, perverse, and reasonable, as the mood took him, and there are boxes of them in London. Surely Mr. Sydney Cockerell, or Mr. E. T. Cook, or some other discerning friend of the dead Master should contrive to pay, in such a volume or volumes, a further tribute, more durable than any of brass, to his memory.

M. E.



THE BEGGAR: Can't yer spare a poor cove a shillin', lidy?

THE PASSER-BY: A shilling! I should think not, indeed. Besides, you're only blind in one eye.

THE BEGGAR: Well, then, can't yer make it a tanner, lidy?

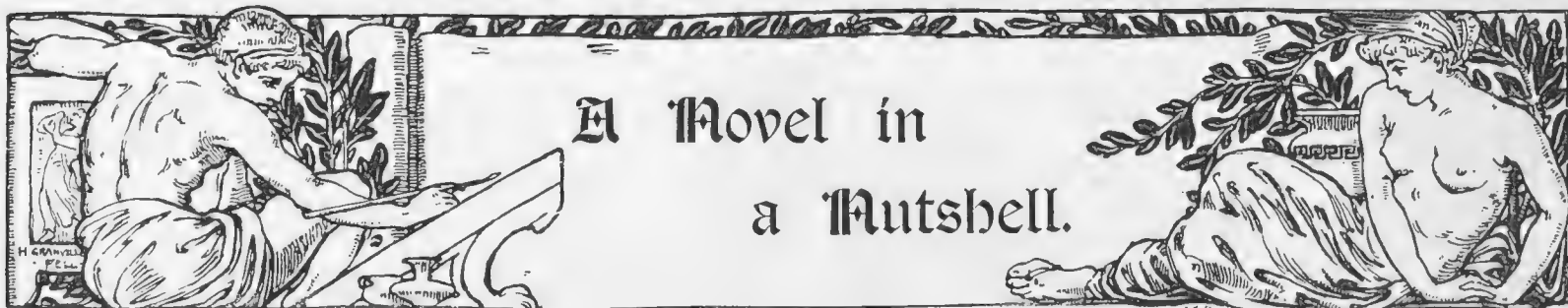
DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A NOCTURNE IN NEW GUINEA.



BELATED CLUBMAN: Hanged if they haven't stopp'd the lift. How the dickens am I going to get in?

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE PROPOSAL.

BY ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

MR. AUGUSTUS SHERINGHAM entered his private hansom with much the demèanour with which an indifferent sailor might climb into a seagoing ship. He had a bad half-hour before him, and he was well aware of the fact. Having directed his coachman to an address in Sloane Gardens, and straightened his immaculate tie at the strip of looking-glass beside him (this last a purely mechanical proceeding), he leant forward, and with fixed, unseeing gaze, that seemed to scorn the traffic of Constitution Hill, again surrendered himself to the problem that had been torturing his brain for hours. What on earth should he say to her? How could he ever hope to explain the position in which he found himself?

Town was looking its best that fine June morning. In the pale warm sunlight the Green Park glowed gently; beyond, veiled in opalescent haze, the flag drooped motionless on the tall towers of Westminster, and everywhere the merry chorus of birds blended harmoniously with the jingle of hansoms and the soft purring of electric broughams. It was a day to delight the senses of one who loved his London but half as intensely as did Mr. Sheringham on ordinary occasions. But to-day, as has been hinted, he cared for none of these things—saw them not, indeed. For almost the first time in his forty years of blameless life Mr. Sheringham, on that drive to Sloane Gardens, neglected to observe and return the salutes of passing acquaintances. He was thinking too deeply to be conscious of anything but the one question that absorbed him.

Presently he drew from his pocket a letter, and fixing his monocle, regarded the paper with a frowning concentration that seemed determined to gain some inspiration from its mere perusal. The action was, however, an empty one, for he already knew the contents of the letter by heart, had read and re-read it fifty times since it had burst like a bombshell in the midst of his placid bachelor breakfast. But for the fifty-first time he strove to grapple with the problem that it presented.

MY DEAR MR. SHERINGHAM,—Your note only reached me this morning, but I am obeying your wish and replying to it with as little delay as possible. Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say how much your proposal has touched me; it cannot be otherwise than flattering to a woman of eight-and-thirty (my age!) to be asked to be his wife by a man whom she both admires and esteems. But, dear friend, while fully sensible of the worth of what I renounce, you must forgive me if I say that I fear it cannot be as you wish. Some day, perhaps, I may try to explain to you my reasons; till then, and always, please permit me to remain, as before, your sincere and attached friend,

ANNETTE PILKINGTON.

A sufficiently straightforward and charming letter, you will admit, for a woman to send in reply to the proposal of any man. Why, then, did Mr. Sheringham, whose appearance was hardly that of the rejected suitor, regard it with so much perplexity and apprehension? The reason is very simple. He had not written the letter to which this was an answer. Mr. Sheringham, in short, had never proposed to Lady Pilkington, and was now faced with what he conceived to be the unpleasant duty of telling her so.

He had small doubt as to the miscreant who was almost certainly the cause of his dilemma. Not for nothing had Mr. Sheringham been a bachelor uncle for the past fourteen years. He remembered with grim satisfaction how often he had reproved his sister Mary for her absurd leniency towards those unconscionable boys, how often he had predicted that some day Tom, the eldest, with his dangerous capacity for imitating handwriting, would achieve some serious mischief. His pride in the fulfilment of this

prophecy was dashed by the reflection that he could never proclaim it. He felt that he owed it not only to the lady's dignity, but to his own, that no living soul should ever hear of the affair. Vengeance, secret but severe, upon Master Tom was a matter to which Uncle Augustus could attend at his greater leisure.

Meanwhile, in the immediate present was the interview with Lady Pilkington. With a final quiver of bells the hansom drew up before the door of the widow's house, and Mr. Sheringham slowly descended. From the direction of the square came the distant echo of German musicians playing *La Matichiche*, and imparting to that frolicsome air all the Teutonic melancholy of their race. Nearer at hand a commercial vocalist with a barrow was vaunting the excellence of ripe strawberries in what is so appropriately termed a fruity baritone, and two elderly gentlemen had paused in the very centre of the pavement to discuss the question of State-aided education. Mr. Sheringham noted all these trifles with the sharpened perceptions of a drowning man. He felt absurdly as he did when, as a small boy, he was led to the family dentist.

"There will be no occasion for you to wait, Henry," he said, in a hollow voice. Then he walked up the steps and pressed the bell.

The room into which he was shown was one that had long stood to Mr. Sheringham as a model for all that such a room should be. It was long and low, full of soft, delicate colour, and odorous with flowers. The dim light of the drawn blinds was grateful to him in his nervous and overwrought condition; he felt vaguely rather than realised an atmosphere of tranquillity that had already begun to soothe him as he crossed the threshold.

At his entrance the mistress of the house rose with a little startled gesture. Lady Pilkington was a tall and remarkably graceful woman, whom time had treated with gentleness. Her age, given by herself as thirty-eight, might well have passed in that subdued light for at least ten years less, and she wore with distinction a gown of the kind occasionally described by masculine novelists as "some soft clinging material."

"Ah," she said in a voice which, while agitated, betrayed no great astonishment, "you have come, then."

"Yes," repeated Mr. Sheringham mechanically, "I have come." After an imperceptible pause he added, "I—I felt that it was better, that it was due to both of us, that I should do so."

"Sit down," said Lady Pilkington, herself sinking again on to the couch from which she had risen.

Mr. Sheringham obeyed in silence. With returning self-possession, there was beginning to grow upon him an almost overwhelming sense of the difficulty of the task that he had undertaken. He dreaded the humiliation which he must bring upon the charming woman before him—how charming he realised in that moment as never before. His eyes, that dared not look up, were attracted suddenly by the delicate beauty of the hand that played nervously with the cushions beside her.

For it would have been obvious, had not Mr. Sheringham been still too preoccupied to perceive it, that Lady Pilkington was extremely nervous—far more so than the tone of her note could have led him to expect. Not only did this involuntary movement of the hand betray her (in one usually so restfully composed), but a little agitated colour that kept coming and going in her cheeks. Mr. Sheringham, however, was now looking at his boots, and saw nothing of this.

"I—I have something to explain," he began unsteadily,

[Continued overleaf.]

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



VII.—THE PUZZLE OF THE MENAGERIE.

The proprietor of a small travelling menagerie was asked how many creatures he had in his show, and this was his answer. "Well, my dear, our living curiosities have among them fifty-six feet and nineteen heads, and this includes our great daily attraction in the cage over there. No; we don't keep fish, nor other things what lives in the water; and there are no freaks or imperfect creatures here." It is a curious fact, but if the reader will use his wits he can make a very good guess as to what the special daily attraction is that the crowd are looking at. There is only one really good answer that satisfies. Can you find out what it is? Every cage contains the animal described on it.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

— HENRY E. DUDENEY.

"something that it is right you should learn from me personally." He paused before the final leap. "It is about that letter."

"My dear friend," she interrupted him, "surely no explanation is needed. Your letter, which I shall always be proud to have received, was quite sufficient in itself. It told me everything!"

Mr. Sheringham felt then that he would gladly give a large sum of money to know exactly what that implied. "You—you have kept it?" he asked clumsily.

"You speak," she laughed back, but with an uncertain ring in her voice, "as though you were anxious to withdraw the offer. Be reassured. I shall not bring an action."

Here at once was his opportunity, given by herself. Before he could take it, however, she had continued in an altered tone—"But do not think that I shall part with that letter."

"Why?" asked Mr. Sheringham, startled into an upward glance.

"You want an answer to that?"

"Of course."

"Because it made me more proud and happy than anything I have ever read in my life."

Then, quite suddenly, Mr. Sheringham saw that the thing was not to be done. Perhaps the tone of her voice showed him. Better a lifelong misunderstanding than a disclosure—after that. He breathed a sigh of genuine relief.

"And yet you refused me," he said, watching her, and seeing for the first time that tremulous colour. "Why?"

"You have a right to ask. Yet—it is difficult sometimes for a woman to explain her reasons."

"But you gave no hint in your answer. It was not that—that I am distasteful to you?"

His voice was unreasonably anxious, and he was unable now to take his eyes from her face. How beautiful it was in its unexpected blushes!

"Ah, no! You must understand that at least it was not that. But, surely—we have known each other too long, you and I, for any nonsense of sentiment between us."

"Our engagement could have been the shorter," returned Mr. Sheringham, almost gaily. Now that his ordeal was removed, he found himself enjoying the interview amazingly. "And so, for this no reason at all, a whim which you cannot even explain, you have condemned me to solitude!" He sighed, with gentle self-pity, a mental picture of his bare bachelor lodging, in contrast with this dainty room, coming to add pathos to words in which already he more than half believed. "Ah, cruel, cruel!"

"My dear friend," said the widow, "is it possible that you have not yet seen the absurdity of wishing to join your life with that of an old woman like myself?"

"Old!" cried Mr. Sheringham gallantly. "Perish the thought! You have the advantage of me by years!" He meant it, too; with the danger behind him, he felt that he could safely allow himself the luxury of a little sentimental regret. "If you are old, Annette, what of me?"

"A man is different; a bachelor is a youth at sixty."

"Because he has never lived!"

She smiled, and half held out her hand as though to place it upon his, then drew it back again. "Your views

are not altered then," she said softly after a moment (and surely the hesitation might have warned him); "you still wish to hear my reason for replying to you as I did?"

"Can you ask it?"

"Then I will tell you. It was because, having to answer you immediately, I wrote in such haste that perhaps"—again she hesitated, then finished in tones that were barely audible—"perhaps I did not wait to know my own mind."

"What!" Mr. Sheringham had been listening in a pleased reverie, soothed by the gentle murmur of her voice. He sprang up, white with emotion.

"Is it so difficult to understand?"—Lady Pilkington raised her eyes to his, smiling shyly—"the woman's privilege. I am an old woman, but not yet, I fear, a very wise one. How astonished you look. Could you not see what it was that has been making me so foolishly nervous ever since you came in? If—if you, too, had regretted your decision, you should never have known. But now—now, Augustus, if you still want me, it shall be as you wish!"

Mr. Sheringham gasped. The comely figure of Lady Pilkington danced grotesquely before his vision, the floor seemed to be giving way beneath him. Only two intelligible thoughts remained in his mind—one that it was now become absolutely impossible to undeceive his old friend, the other that somehow, in the last ten minutes, he had fallen in love with her.

"Annette!" he said, "Annette!" It was the only thing to say, and he followed it gallantly with the one action that was appropriate to the circumstances.

"How we shall astonish people," murmured Lady Pilkington.

"Yes," said Mr. Sheringham truthfully, "it is no doubt something of a surprise—for everybody."

"Tell me, Augustus," said his fiancée, somewhat later, when they were seated together upon the sofa, "how came you to be at Eton yesterday?"

"At Eton?" Mr. Sheringham looked bewildered.

"Yes. Your letter—the letter—was post-marked from there."

"Oh, of course, yes," said the lover, "the fact is I ran down to have a look at my nephew Tom—Mary's eldest, you know," he explained.

Lady Pilkington gazed at him admiringly. "How like your kind heart," she said—"to think of a schoolboy—at such a crisis!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Sheringham. As a matter of fact he was thinking of him at that moment, but his thoughts were of too tumultuous and contradictory a nature to be expressed in words.

So these were wed (about four months later), and merrily rang the bells. That was at the end of the summer holidays, and when, on a bright September morning, Mr. Sheringham, radiant now, and more than reconciled to his fate, left St. George's with Mrs. Sheringham on his arm, his nephew was observed to be among the most delighted of the guests. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Sir Charles, but so far the true history of the proposal has been given away by no one. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that Master Tom returned to school next term, after a severe lecture from his justly indignant uncle, with what is vulgarly known as a flea in his ear. But in his pockets were ten golden sovereigns from the same source.

THE END.



MR. GIDEON (pointing at the "To Be Let" notice): Ahem! And are you to be let with them, my dear?
MARY JANE: No, I'm not! I'm to be let alone.

DRAWN BY W. A. BOWRING.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

A FORTHCOMING marriage of interest to the Catholic world is that of Lady Clare Noel, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, to Mr. Charles Mervyn King, of the Coldstream Guards. The bride-elect is one of six children, and her marriage, which, is not to take place till next autumn, is sure to bring together a great gathering of members of the "old faith," for the head of the Noel family is held in high honour by his co-religionists. Yet another betrothal of the moment is that of Miss Gladys Eveline Schumacher, the daughter of Mr. Erwin Schumacher, to Mr. Harold V. Bastow, the son of the Rev. T. C. V. Bastow, of Little Peatling, Lutterworth. The rumoured betrothal of Lord Howe's only son, Lord Curzon, to his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon, has aroused great interest in Society; this future Earl is a great *parti*, and a special favourite of the King and Queen.

Like Mother, Like Son.

The courage and persistence of his mother live again in Mr. Arnold Ward, who, undeterred by his defeat in North Wilts, is taking the field again as a Parliamentary candidate. His father, Mr. Humphry Ward, is a man of high talent, overshadowed by the genius of his wife, who is quite the greatest woman in literature since George Eliot. The son is a great-grandson of the great Arnold of Rugby, and has a reminder of the fact in his name. He is, of course, intensely proud of his mother, but can tell some queer stories of the use to which the commercially-minded have sometimes sought to put her fame. When "Robert Elsmere" was storming the world, some Yankee Goth produced and sent her, as a compliment, his circular: "Foreconomy in literature we defy anything to beat our Elsmere at six cents." Mr. Arnold Ward is a keen motorist, but he is not a road-hog. He takes his car into no constituency where electors prefer the horse. North Wilts loved not the snorting thing of oil and cylinders, so Mr. Ward decided to do his election with horsed carriages. The first thing his horse did was to bolt through the streets of Swindon, colliding with a lamp-post, and badly shaking up the candidate and the two friends unlucky enough to be in the conveyance with him. Thereafter the price of motor stock leapt up with a bound.

The Fresh-Water Rostand.

M. Miguel Zamacois, the author of the new play at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, may be described as a fresh-water Rostand ("Rostand à l'eau douce"). His poetry is certainly very clever, very inspiring, very musical, and full of a delightful sentiment. "Les Bouffons" is the most striking poetical play produced in Paris since the famous "Cyrano de Bergerac." Hitherto M. Zamacois has been known as a prose writer, and very interesting and amusing at that: he has burst upon us as a poet in a single night. The chief feature in the poetic fairy tale is the examination of the conscience of a girl. Is it manly beauty that appeals to her, or is it wit and a ready sympathy? Manly beauty is entirely beaten in the race, and wit and

sympathy (as expressed by the clever little dwarf played by Sarah Bernhardt) win the day. Now we know: whenever we want to win the heart of fair maiden we have simply to disguise ourselves as a hunchback. But, presumably, the hump must come off at the proper moment. It would not do to carry it through married life. But, hump or no hump, Sarah has never been more brilliant, more mercurial than in "Les Bouffons." She shows a youth and elasticity that might be envied by many young women of two-and-twenty.



LADY CLARE NOEL, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES MERVYN KING.

Photograph by Maude A. Craigie-Halkett.

India's Vicereine.

Lady Minto, who has just been holding a great fête in Calcutta in aid of the local charities, has already become extremely popular as India's Vicereine, as the brilliant success of her fête testifies. She is the sister of Lord Grey, who, oddly enough, succeeded Lord Minto as Governor-General of Canada. She has always belonged to the Court intimate circle, for her father, General Grey, was the faithful and devoted friend of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Lady Minto is emphatically an out-of-doors person, and an admirable skater and dancer. She is famous for her tact. On one occasion, at an official reception at Ottawa, a very stout lady had the misfortune to stumble and fall at full length before the Governor-General and his wife, and in the agony of the moment everyone heard the poor woman's frantic exclamation, "Oh, Lord! My new dress!" But the faces of their Excellencies might have been carved out of marble for all the trace of a smile that could be detected on them. Lady Minto, herself the happy mother of most handsome and healthy children, can never resist the charms of babyhood, and when she was in Canada she was never so pleased as when visiting crèches. Indeed, it is said that her Excellency's suite humorously threatened to go out on strike unless she provided them with kindergarten lessons!



MISS GLADYS SCHUMACHER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. H. V. BASTOW.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

The Prince and the Old Sea-Dog.

A pretty story is told of Lady Minto and the Prince of Wales. The Prince and Princess, then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, were visiting Canada on their great Colonial tour, and her Excellency took good care that quite humble people should be invited to the royal receptions. At one garden-party she took the Prince up to a very venerable and bent old man. "This gentleman," she explained to his Royal Highness, "was an officer in the Navy." The delighted old sea-dog made a profound bow, and insisted on remaining bare-headed before his future King. But the Prince, with characteristic kindness, seeing the danger of the old man's catching a chill, begged him to put on his hat again, and had quite a long talk with him about old days in the Service. Lady Minto's children used at one time to paste into scrap-books every newspaper-cutting which related to their beloved mother; but it may be suspected that the business has now grown too big for any private hands!



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S SON AS A CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS, MR. ARNOLD WARD, THE UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR WEST HERTS.

Photograph by J. T. Newman.

KEY-NOTES

THE production of Smetana's "Die verkaufte Braut" at Covent Garden was a happy idea on the part of the management of the German Opera Company. The work was given in London in 1895, at Drury Lane Theatre, and was not repeated here until last week. The overture is well known to all concert-goers, and the score of the entire opera, which is marked throughout by much distinction, has some very charming melodies. Frau Bosetti took the part of Marie, and Herr Franz Naval that of the lover. The chorus sang splendidly, but the orchestra was at times a little too boisterous.

Mr. Gottfried Galston gave the second of his cycle of five recitals last week, his programme consisting entirely of works by Beethoven. He played exceedingly well, showing considerable technical ability in the very difficult Fugue of the Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). His rendering of the Sonatas in E major and A flat was, perhaps, not sufficiently poetic, but Mr. Galston may be congratulated upon having carried through a most exacting programme with much success. His third recital is to consist entirely of compositions by Chopin, and includes twelve Preludes and twelve Etudes.

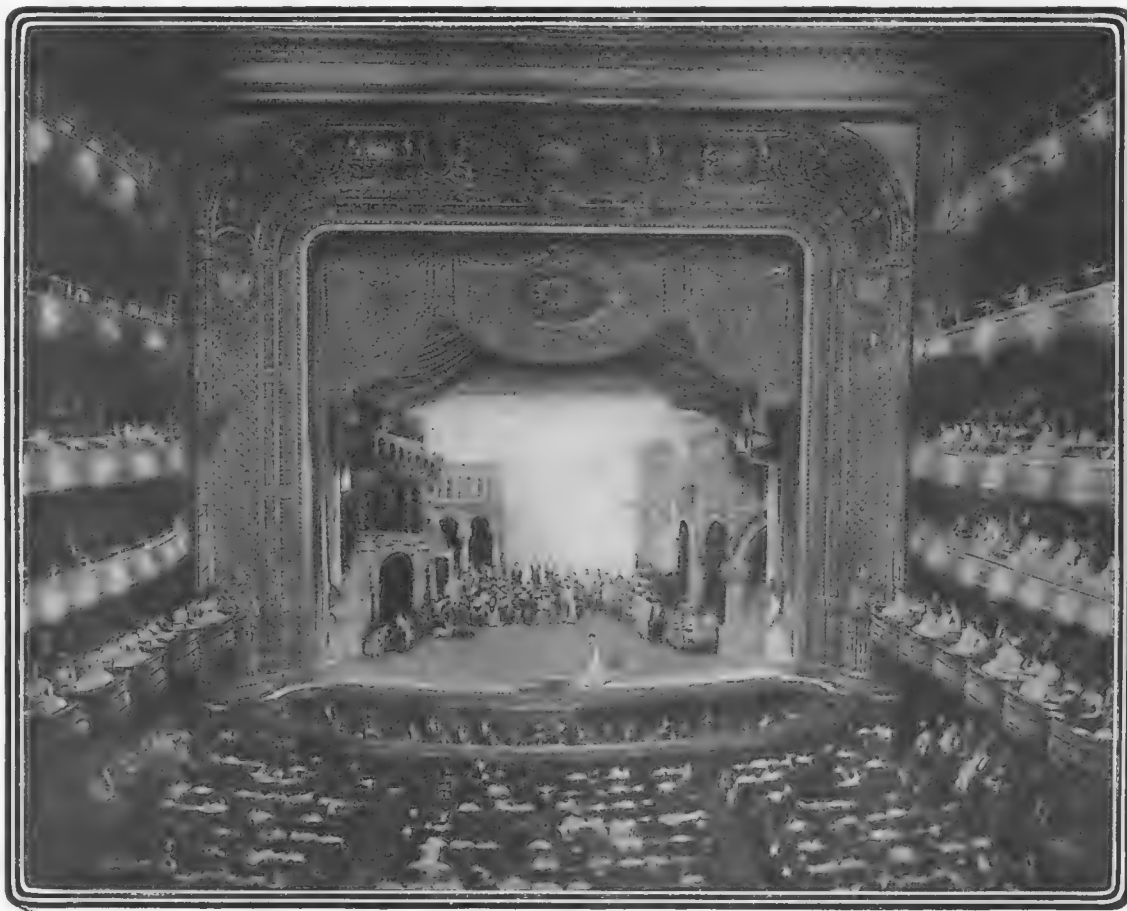
Another very successful Beethoven recital last week was that given by Mr. Frederick Lamond at the Bechstein Hall. As an interpreter of this great master Mr. Lamond is especially famed, and on the occasion in question he was in his happiest mood. In his rendering of the sonata in B flat (Op. 106), Mr. Lamond brought out all the nobility and delicacy which the work contains. His programme also included the sonata in A flat, of Funeral March fame, and that known as the "Aurora."

Before starting for a prolonged tour in the United States, South Africa, and Australia, Miss Marie Hall gave a farewell concert the other evening at the Queen's Hall, the proceeds of which, after defraying expenses, are to be handed over to the Simla Holiday Home for Women and Girls. Miss Hall was in excellent form, in spite of the fact that her programme was an exceedingly exacting one. Amongst other works, she played Parry's "Partita" in D minor for violin and pianoforte, and Joachim's Concerto in G, a not very interesting work, Mr. Hamilton Harty taking the pianoforte part admirably. Miss Marie Stuart, a contralto new to the London public, was particularly attractive in her rendering of "Che farò" from Gluck's "Orfeo"; she is the possessor of a very sweet and sympathetic voice. She also sang songs by Elgar, Henschel, and Dvorák. At the conclusion of the concert Miss Hall was repeatedly called to the platform.

We trust that the Operatic Concert at Covent Garden in aid of the sufferers rendered destitute by the earthquake in Jamaica will be a very big financial success. All the artists engaged in the German Opera Company have volunteered their services, but as the evening will not be long enough to allow of them all to appear some of them will fill the humbler position of programme-sellers. Mr. Frank Rendle has lent the opera-house for the occasion, and all the floral decorations will be provided free of charge.

The sixth concert of the present series of the London Symphony Orchestra took place at the Queen's Hall last week, under the direction of Dr. Richter. The programme opened with the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," of which a very spirited rendering was given. The feature of the evening, however, was Strauss's Symphonic Poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This composition has now been heard many times in London, but never to better

advantage than on this occasion. Richter is so modern that he seems to understand this composer very thoroughly, and he very skilfully avoided any pitfalls which the score may contain. Mr. Albert Spalding was the soloist of the evening, and played, among other things, Saint-Saëns' Concerto in B minor. The artist succeeded in thoroughly charming his audience, and at the conclusion of the Concerto received very enthusiastic applause from his listeners.



"SALOME" BANNED IN NEW YORK: A PERFORMANCE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, AT WHICH THE WORK WAS RECENTLY PRODUCED.

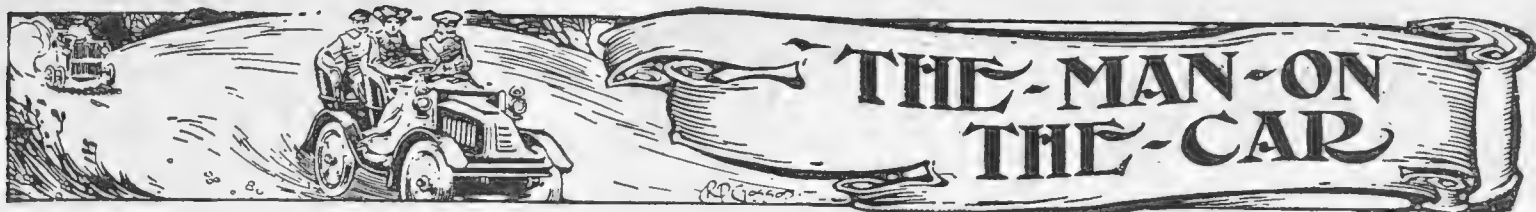
"Salome," by Richard Strauss and Oscar Wilde, was recently produced by Mr. Conried at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The result was an artistic success, and various protests by believers in "Comstockery." The dancing and the kissing of the head of John the Baptist seem to have been the chief causes of the trouble. It may be mentioned that the opera has already been seen on thirty stages in Europe. At the moment of writing, it is likely that Mr. Conried will transfer his production to another city, or to other cities.

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

which was exceedingly interesting. For duets these two artists sang Tschaikowsky's "Der Abend" and his beautiful "Im den Garten"; they were no less successful in Dvorák's Moravian Songs, which were very beautifully rendered. For solos they sang songs by Grieg and Brahms, and were warmly applauded by the audience which assembled to listen to them. Miss Mukle made a very efficient accompanist.

The London Trio, consisting of Madame Amina Goodwin (pianoforte), Mr. Simonetti (violin), and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse (violoncello), gave a concert a few days ago at the Æolian Hall, in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic audience. Their playing of Beethoven's Trio in C minor was distinguished by much brilliance, and no less successful was their rendering of Smetana's Trio in G minor, a work which requires much skill to interpret in the true spirit of the music. For solos Madame Goodwin played Chopin's Prelude in A flat and a work by Scarlatti, winning hearty applause from her audience. Mr. Leonhard Suekert was the vocalist of the occasion.

COMMON CHORD.



THE RENARD ROAD TRAIN—THE HUGE GROWTH OF THE CONTINENTAL COMPANY—THE FIRST SIX-CYLINDER MERCEDES IN ENGLAND: DETAILS—
THE ABOMINATION OF LEVEL-CROSSINGS—AN ARGYLL CHALLENGE.

IT is now some three years since the Renard train was first heard of in France, and when it was shown beneath the roof of the Grand Palais de l'Industrie the same year, even the experts were somewhat sceptical as to its performances and behaviour on the road. But its inventor, a French Engineer officer, has persevered with his production, and has proved up to the hilt all he has claimed for it. The salient feature of the entire combination is the fact that, in addition to the rear wheels of the tractor, each centre pair of wheels in the whole following train are traction or driven wheels, and do their part in propelling the particular car they support. Therefore, each vehicle is propelled and not hauled. The steering arrangements are most ingenious. Tiller-rods connect the front of each vehicle with the rear of the next one, so that when the train is rounding a curve the front and rear pairs of wheels on each car turn inwards and outwards respectively, and the cars round a bend like a train on rails. These trains are coming into very general use on the Continent.

One great and conclusive proof of the progress of the automobile movement all over the world is the continuous growth of the great tyre-manufacturing firms. I was shown recently statistics concerning the number of hands employed by the Continental Tyre Company during the last four years, and made a note of them for the purpose of emphasising the progress of the industry. On Dec. 31, 1903 the Continental Tyre Company employed 2741 hands; twelve months later, 3294; on Dec. 31, 1905, 4516; and at the end of last year, 5716, an increase of 108 per cent. in three years. The first three cars in the late South India Reliability Trials ran on Continentals.

Messrs. J. A. Lawton and Co., of Liverpool, may lay claim to

the honour and glory of being the first Mercedes agents to supply a six-cylinder Mercedes to a customer in this country. And when that customer is the Duke of Westminster there is all the more reason for pride. It is interesting to note that the great German house sprung from the original home of the internal-explosion engine of Gottlieb Daimler has thought well to follow the Napier lead, and offer a six-cylinder car to the public without the poor excuse that it is only provided for the English market. The move is a rebuke positive to all who have urged four cylinders in season and out of season, utterly regardless of the undoubted advantages to be obtained from the additional pair of cylinders, while strong in accentuation of the few points in which the four-cylinder engine is

superior. The case pro and con. was lately put in the fairest terms by Mr. F. H. Royce, and those who would weigh the matter should acquaint themselves with his views.

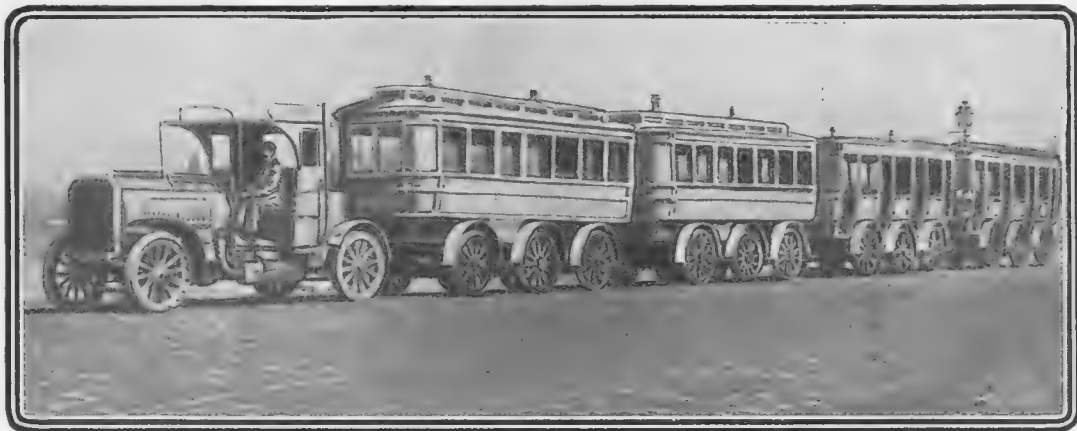
The new 75-h.p. six-cylinder Mercedes differs in a few details from the four-cylinder types. The steering-standard is set with more rake than usual, while the road-wheel brakes are now operated by rods in lieu of cables, and there is a special compensating swivel-joint. Two powerful brakes are now fitted on the differential shaft, one each side of the box, in place of the single

brake on the end of the gear-shaft. In this new car the direct-drive bevel-pinion is slid in and out of gear with the bevel-crown-wheel as desired. Two types of ignition are fitted: Simms-Bosch high-tension magneto and the well-known form of Mercedes low-tension magneto. I imagine this to be the first car so provided.

All motorists who have driven much in France have felt that the continual recurrence of railway level-crossings on the main roads of that country is really something more than a nuisance. Luckily, we in this country do not suffer from these inflictions in so serious a degree; but even as it is, while there is one level-crossing in this country, that is one too many, and it should be abolished. As a matter of fact, they bristle on the Great North Road, particularly on the Selby portion of the route to York; and it is with feelings more than akin to pleasure that I learn that the ubiquitous Motor Union is about to inquire into the whole question of level-crossings on public roads, and strongly oppose the construction of any fresh ones. Those who have hooted long and earnestly at the barred gates, what time the custodian snored within his hut, will wish the Motor Union success in its crusade.

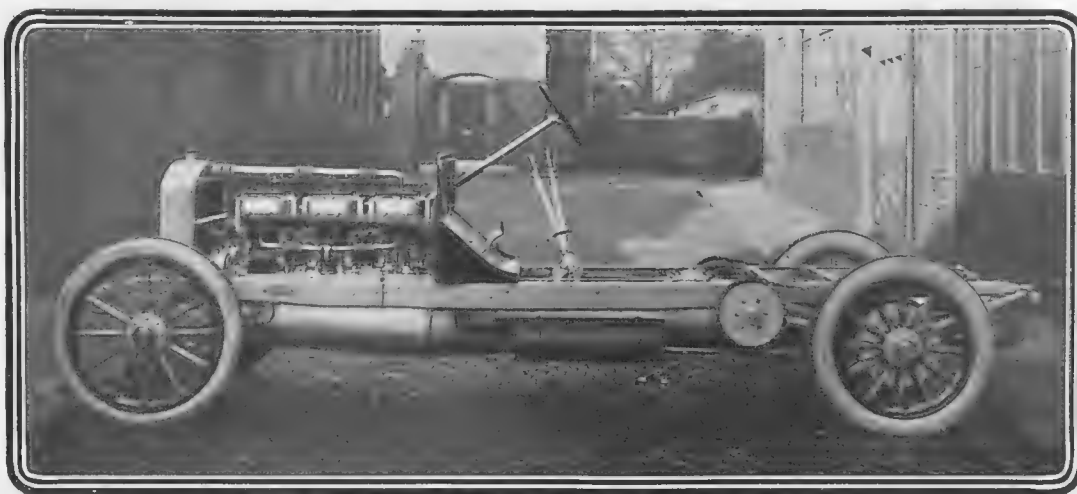
Really, the public will

shortly become most learned upon the respective merits of four and six cylinder cars, if all the competitions proposed and challenges extended are carried out and accepted. Mr. Alec Govan, the managing director of Argyll Motors, Limited, being of opinion that a false impression is being produced upon the public mind in regard to the excellences of four-cylinder cars, openly expresses a desire to match a 14-16-h.p. Argyll against any six-cylinder of them all for (1) quiet and slow running of the engine when the car is standing; (2) quiet and slow running of the car on top speed, (3) starting from a standing start and rapid acceleration up to twenty miles per hour on top speed only. I am inclined to the opinion that the Argyll would win on at least two points.



A TRAIN THAT RUNS ON THE ROAD: THE RENARD MOTOR-TRAIN.

The train consists of a tractor, or "locomotor"—which is simply a powerful motor vehicle, using petrol, steam, or oil fuel—and a series of six-wheeled trucks, having the centre pair of wheels in each case driven by the engine of the locomotor, through the medium of a differential gear and a system of flexible couplings. Among the obvious uses for such a train are the carriage of passengers, the carriage of goods, and employment for military purposes.



THE FIRST SIX-CYLINDER MERCEDES—THE CHASSIS.

Our photograph shows the chassis of the first six-cylinder 75-h.p. Mercedes (the only one of its kind yet delivered), made to the order of the Duke of Westminster. The chassis has a 12-foot wheel-base, and an over-all length of 16 feet. The frame is of very deep section, and has an extra cross-member under the radiator, which carries the starting-handle and strengthens considerably the front portion of the frame. The car was supplied to the Duke by Messrs. J. A. Lawton and Co., of Liverpool.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MUCH-NEEDED REFORMS—SOUTH AFRICA—COLONIAL AND AMERICAN INTEREST IN ENGLISH RACING—THE ACCEPTANCES.

NOW that the gates at race-meetings are likely to be very much bigger than they have ever been, it is necessary that everything possible should be done to attract the public. One or two much-needed reforms should be put into practice at once. First, then, a declaration should be made overnight of all horses intended to run the following day, and a list of the runners should be published in the morning papers. As I have advocated for years, race-courses should be conducted like theatres, and all the names of the actors should be given to the public beforehand. Overnight races should be done away with, and all selling races ought to be made to close, at latest, three days before their decision. Race-cards should contain every item of news of likely interest to racegoers as to the trains, cost of refreshments, ring-fees, and so on, and the past performances of the horses set to run should be given. For those who could not afford the price of a heavy lunch, light refreshment should be provided; and the first contractor, who runs a plate of soup with a piece of bread for sixpence will reap a rich harvest at the winter meetings. Again, why should fried fish and jellied eels be sold outside, and not in the cheap enclosure? Clerks of courses must be made to come into line. The days of monopoly have gone, never to return; and now the one thing to be done is to cater for the public under latter-day methods. Race-cards could easily be given away if advertisements were taken in sufficient quantities to pay for the cost of production. Up to now the expenses of racing have been the greatest drawback to the sport of kings.

There are some good sportsmen in South Africa, and I am continually receiving requests from "Johnny" and other centres for my finals for big coming events in England. It seems that the South African bookies open their volumes on all our big handicaps, while they bet starting-price on every race that is run in this country. There must be tons of money in the Colonies for racing, as it is no uncommon thing for a big South African layer to make a £20,000 book over the Lincoln Handicap, while the volume is far and away bigger over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. As a result many owners in this country avail themselves of the cable, and work their commissions far from the seat of war. It is wonderful what interest in English racing is taken all over the world, especially in the United States, where the results of all our classics and big handicaps are always posted outside the newspaper offices directly they have been received. I was in Canada in 1878 when Sir Bevy's won the Derby—the only winner of the race, by-the-by, that George Fordham rode. The excitement in all the towns and villages over the finish was intense, and the sweeps were various and numerous. The result

was watched for in the streets of Toronto by big crowds of runners, who conveyed the good news to the uttermost corners of the city as soon as it was posted. In the year to which I refer the pigeon service was in full vogue at many of the meetings. For instance, there was no telegraph to the Goodwood course, and pigeons carried the messages to Chichester, to be despatched from there to all parts of the country. In these days of the tic-tac and telephone, it really seems marvellous that only forty years ago results of races were unknown in evening papers. Indeed, when the *Echo* was first started, it was only possible to print the arrivals and the results of the first two races in the latest editions of the day.



MISS EVA DEAN.

THE ONLY WOMAN JOCKEY IN AMERICA.

Miss Dean, of Grafton, Mass., County Club, rode her mare Moorish Dance at various meetings in America last year, and won a number of races, despite the fact that she was riding against crack jockeys of the opposite sex. She will race again this season. — [Photograph by Boston Photo. News Co.]

Bendigo, when he won in 1885, started at 11 to 4. The same price was laid against Sceptre in 1902, while the Beckhampton disappointment of 1896, Ravensdale, who finished down the course, started at 11 to 8! The Grand National has fared about the same as the

Lincoln Handicap during the last twenty-five years, as only seven first favourites have won in that time—namely, Roquefort, Ilex, Come Away, Cloister, Why Not, Manifesto, and Drumcree. The acceptances for the Spring Handicaps of 1907 are very gratifying. As I expected, Polymelus has gone out of the Lincoln Handicap, but the race on the Carholme is very likely to be the best of a long series. Dean Swift, Sarcelle, Speculator and Kaffir Chief are my present fancies. In the near future I hope to be able to narrow my choice down to a single-barrel shot. John M.P., a bad fencer, and Cinders are the only two prominent malcontents for the Grand National. Of those left in I like Flaxman, Napper Tandy, Wolf's Folly, and Oatlands. The first-named is the King's horse, and I may rank him my final choice. I am told Ramrod is very likely to go close for the City and Suburban.

CAPTAIN COE.



AN INGENUOUS PLOVER-SNARER AT WORK ON THE ICE IN THE FEN DISTRICT—HIS PUNT TRANSFORMED INTO A SLEIGH, AND HE HIMSELF WEARING SKATES.

Our photograph shows the method adopted by a Fen plover-snarer and duck-shooter during the recent cold spell.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Lentils and Foreign Affairs.

Having recently been reduced to a semi-vegetarian diet, I find myself taking a morbid interest in cereals. The earnest vegetarian soon acquires a kinship with the squirrel, and bonds of sympathy unite him to the guinea-pig, who munches green salad—without any dressing—at untoward hours. "There is one person in the house who is pleased with the new diet," said a friend to me, whose wife had taken enthusiastically to a régime of vegetables, "and that is the cockatoo. You see, nuts are being cracked all day long." Personally, I foresee in this movement the downfall of the British nation. The thing is creeping in insidiously, and we shall all be without muscles or stamina before we have realised what we have done. After all, it is better for a race to be gouty than anæmic. The Roman Pro-Consul was plagued with the gout, for all the world like a modern British statesman or general. Yet what is happening now? The other day I went into a famous vegetarian restaurant, and found our

Eve and the Tailor.

The President of the French Republic has recently bestowed the Legion of Honour on a great Paris man-dressmaker, which is another proof that France is the land of ideas. Imagine any man in London who had devoted his life to making his feminine contemporaries beautiful getting any sort of State recognition! And



[Copyright.]

FOR THE COMING SPRING.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING HAT FOR MONTE CARLO.

the French do not mind from whom they receive their ideas so long as they acquire them. For two generations—for the first Worth was an Englishman born and bred—Parisian beauties have been draped and adorned by Anglo-Saxon hands and Anglo-Saxon brains. There seems to be no sort of race-prejudice about your pretty woman, who would order her fripperies from a Choctaw Indian if he could set her off. What one may generically call "gimp" is the one thing on which women-folk are cosmopolitan, and in this the deep, instinctive sex-feelings rise superior to mere racial and political boundaries. Man, they maintain, must be captured, held, and domineered over; and what chance, pray, have maps, oceans, and war-lords against this primordial necessity?

The Anglicising of America.

On all hands we hear that England is rapidly becoming so American that we shall soon be a mere province of the great Republic; but what we do not hear is of the Anglicising of America. Yet it is going on all the time. We may borrow the tube, the telephone, and the gramophone from the other side, but the rules and manners of Society are imported from London. The English girl has not become American, but the American girl is rapidly becoming English. Women in good society over there have elected to adopt our manners, even if the change includes such audacities as the consumption of champagne and cigarettes. When I was in New York a few years ago, the majority of women were water-drinkers, and the cigarette was almost as much a badge of infamy as it is in the transpontine melodrama of to-day. But they have gone ahead surprisingly during the last decade, and now, as a final ultra-English touch, the chaperon is to be introduced in all her pomp and austerity. It has been discovered by one of the leaders of the Four Hundred that "there is wisdom, as well as safety, in the perpetual presence of the chaperon." Henceforward, young Columbia is to have a duenna for ever at her heels. Will she like it? If she is convinced that it is good form, and, moreover, a step on the ladder which leads to the giddy heights of the British Peerage, she will probably acquiesce without a murmur.

distinguished Minister for Foreign Affairs, along with a leading official of the Foreign Office, lunching off a *purée* of peas and a lentil-cutlet. Now, can anyone think imperially on a lentil-cutlet? To tackle Welt-Politik, surely a British Minister requires not peas, but roast beef!

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

SUNNY sides to our streets while the year is yet very young offer a variety great enough to charm. Town, too, is filling fast for the social doings which accompany the legislative session. Chaperons are anxious exceedingly over the girls about to be launched on the wide sea of Society. They, poor dears, are being coaxed or coerced into shape according to their dispositions and those of their social sponsors. They cannot all be undoubted cygnets, certain to make a stately and triumphant progress down the social stream. Those others, of the doubtful duckling variety, are perhaps the more interesting. One never knows how far or how fast they will go.

There is a certain relaxing of the law that a débutante's duty is to make a good match. Naturally, that object is in view, but what she has first to effect is success—otherwise, popularity with the right people. The dresses being prepared for her entrée are charming enough—dainty, soft, and delicate materials, the lines from waist to hem long and simple. The sleeves are shorter than before, and there is now no puff on the shoulder; a slanting downward effect is what is looked for, and the round waist of svelte, slender girlhood is very much in the van of fashion. Also, it is decreed that beauty unadorned is quite behind the times. The coming-out girl may be decked with ornaments, provided they are of the right kind. They must be neither imposing nor numerous, but pretty and simple, such, for instance, as the pendant of pink topaz and diamonds, one of the Parisian Diamond Company's novelties, illustrated on this page. On a white, firm, round young neck how fascinating would be the bright pink and the fire and sparkle of the stones in a design which is suggestive of innocence and purity! It is rather absurd to buy very costly jewellery for young girls, yet ornaments of some kind they ought to have. Variety from strings of pearls is welcome (charming and invariably becoming as these are); yet strings are also provided at this well-known establishment, and they prove much less of a care to youngsters than pearls worth ten to twenty pounds each. The loss of one of these, if the threading snaps, is enough to produce a tiny wrinkle on a young face—a thing to be sedulously avoided!

Alas for the afternoon-performance lover! News of large hats from Paris and from Monte Carlo looms ominous. There our fashions are in the making; there are the flames burning from which the smoke wafts our way and determines our styles far later. The neat little matinée-hat, which the French call coiffure, is not worn on the Riviera this season, save by a few unselfish women. Those who sit behind at classical concerts or at the Comédie Française performances rise up and call them blessed; but others, who profit not at all by this, say they are out of date. One loved these fascinating knots of tinsel, with cluster of feathers at the side nestled into an elaborately careless-looking triumph of hair-architect's skill. It is perhaps because these were not easy to effect that the small and dainty headgear is going out. Hair famed in hat is more easily made a success than hat framed in hair. Consequently, we shall see more large and handsome *chapeaux* in the coming months.

A FASCINATING EXHIBITION AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

AT the Grafton Galleries there is an exhibition which should be an object-lesson to all those who take an intelligent interest in the art of the home. The Royal School of Art Needlework have submitted to the inspection of the public, and especially that cultured section who are lovers and collectors of works of art, an array of old embroideries, brocades, tapestries, and crewel-work, together with some fine specimens of furniture and china, etc. It is a display that the connoisseur should not miss. The owners of tattered and

moth-eaten hangings and dilapidated needlework and textiles of former days are often at a loss to know where such articles may be restored. In these galleries the trained workers of the school in Exhibition Road will be caught, so to speak, in the very act of "restoration."

In repairing old tapestry the school has earned a great reputation, and many owners of damaged examples will be glad to know that nothing is regarded as hopeless. Even the antique rugs of Persia and the prayer-carpets of Kelim are dexterously restored when torn or frayed. This is a hospital in which all the cases are successful.

Especial attention should be paid to the large tapestries, the property of Lord Amherst of Hackney. Two of them are Aubusson, a third is signed "F. Mercies à Dresden," and a fourth is fourteenth-century work of the Low Countries. These are exhibited for sale at prices which offer a great inducement to those interested in fine specimens of such work.

For bargain-hunters in furniture there are some fine chances, and the prices marked on the china seem remarkably low. There is a very handsome Adam sideboard, with urns and wine-cooler, and some fine examples of chairs with tapestry seats. The specimen of the old bureau with innumerable drawers which we illustrate dates back to the days when Jacobite plots were rife, and the two classic pillars shown in the illustration conceal two secret drawers.



A DAINTY DIAMOND-AND-TOPAZ PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

TRICK BILLIARDS.

(See page 111.)

1. TO CANNON AND REVERS BASKET.—The white is played to strike the neck of the pool-basket, which reverses to its proper position, while the white proceeds to cannon.
2. AN AERIAL CANNON.—The striker's ball, after contact with the red, leaves the table and cannons on to the third ball, which is balanced on the pool-basket.
3. BASKET THE RED AND CANNON OVER TOP.—The red is driven into the pool-basket by the striker's ball, which subsequently flies over the basket to complete the cannon.
4. CANNON INTO HAT ON TABLE.—A variation of No. 5, with the difference that the striker's ball is made to rise higher—more like No. 2.
5. CANNON INTO HAT ON FLOOR.—The striker's ball, after contact with the red, jumps into the hat on the floor and cannons with the third ball.
6. CANNON INTO HAT OFF CUSHION.—The striker plays at the red, which is touching cushion, and causes his ball to rebound into the hat to complete the cannon.
7. PLAY AT RED, JUMP OVER THE REST, COME BACK UNDERNEATH AND CANNON.—The curious feature of this stroke is the extraordinary manner in which the striker's ball doubles back under the rest (boomerang fashion), to cannon on white.
8. POT THE RED AND CANNON.—The red is potted by a massé stroke, while the white cannons with the third ball, which, previously driven round the table, is still in motion.
9. STEEPLECHASE CANNON.—The striker's ball rises and strikes the other white ball, touching the red in its progress. Similar results are sometimes occasioned by miscues, but to do the trick at any moment requires much practice.
10. POT THE RED ROUND THE HAT.—The striker's ball (struck as shown in the photograph) describes a semicircle, which carries it round the hat and enables it to reach and pot the red.



A FINE OLD BUREAU SHOWN AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES BY THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

It is a commonplace for the railway companies to offer the public cheap excursion facilities to a large number of health and pleasure resorts. Such facilities, however, do not meet the case where an individual is invited to spend a week-end with a friend, if his residence happens to lie off the beaten track of popular places. The Great Central Company have instituted an arrangement whereby first and third class tickets are issued by any train every Saturday at a single fare and a quarter for the double journey from

London (Marylebone) to a large number of cities and towns in the Midlands and the North. Passengers are allowed to return by any train on the following Sunday or Monday. Full particulars can be obtained at Marylebone Station, and at any of the Company's town offices or agencies.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 12.

THE MARKET POSITION.

ANXIETY as to the settlement in connection with the American and Siberian positions has been the most pronounced feature of the markets. Just as things were beginning to settle down and the outlook to become more cheerful, we are faced with a strong Yankee demand for gold, while it is said that further exports to Brazil will be required. These latter may be supplied elsewhere, but the uncertainty as to the United States is a most disturbing factor, and we doubt if a further reduction in the official minimum can be counted upon in the middle of this month, as many optimists had hoped. The Siberian gamble has always been a dangerous one, as all gambles are which depend on pools and such like artificial contrivances for their support. Of course, if the gold is there, in the end it will put matters on a sound basis; but the speculation has not been on results, and from what we hear a large number of people have bought more shares than they can carry, in the hope of finding "some other fellow" to buy them at higher prices before the day of payment arrives, while no one really knows the actual strength of the people behind the market.

AFTER THE HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

"Without a friend in the world," was the description applied to his market the other day by a dealer in Home Railway stocks, and if we except the bears, the phrase does sum up with tolerable accuracy the present condition of this department. The dividends so far published—and we only want the North-Western and the Great Western announcements to complete the tale—are disappointing inasmuch as they afford no pleasant surprises. Perhaps the Welsh lines have done better than they were expected to, but beyond these there are two Companies, and no more, which have gratified their proprietors and the market by a really good showing. One was the North-Eastern, and the other the Hull and Barnsley, Railways. The Great Northern would have had a pleasant story to tell if the Grantham accident had not occurred. The South-Western, because of the Salisbury disaster, reduced a dividend of 2 per cent. paid on the Deferred for the past four years, to 1½ per cent. Trade lines have done better than passenger, but the lingering hope of the North-Western and Great Western paying more than had been expected was dashed by the declaration of the Midland, which is paying at the same rate as it did a year ago. At the current quotations the heavy stocks yield, roughly, about 4½ per cent. on the money, but rather less when the income tax is taken into account. Such a return might, and probably would, attract investors into the market in times of less financial uncertainty. Prospective buyers argue, however, that if the railway companies cannot do better in times of prosperous trade and prolific traffics, their case will be a bad one when the lean years come round again. It looks as though the Home Railway market may have to whistle for a wind of business for some time yet.

THE AMERICAN IMBROGLIO.

Provided that the Wall Street bosses can keep their market in hand, all may yet come right; but if the selling overpowers their capacity for support, there may be a worse time coming. So far as London is concerned, the situation is nothing like as black as yellow journalism paints it. The big houses on our edge of the pond are in command of enormous resources, and made huge profits before ever the period of loss set in. Where there is a sign of possible trouble, however, is in the fact that some of the New York financiers run branches over here; and if the trunk fell, the branches would obviously have to go with it. The insuperable obstacle to rank pessimism is the prosperous state of the country. All the new issues, which are weighing like lead upon the market, are wanted to provide for actual traffic, clamorous of more facilities for its handling. But the country has reached, apparently, that point of over-trading which sometimes lands an ordinary commercial business in difficulties for lack of financial accommodation. The phase is rendered more acute by the high levels to which American Rails have been hoisted within the last year or so. In due time, no doubt, the trouble will pass, although before smooth waters are reached the market may see prices swamped beneath the waves of selling. We are thankful to have sounded the note of warning just before the slump, and frankly acknowledge a difficulty in "seeing our way," as the House calls it, at present.

THE WAIHI GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

The quarterly report of the *Waihi Gold-Mining Company*, issued to the shareholders this week, is eminently satisfactory. For the benefit of those who are not shareholders, I will give a short summary of the principal points in it.

No. 8 Level.—This, the lowest level of the mine, is being opened up by a cross-cut from the No. 4 Shaft. The most important lodes, the Martha and Welcome, will not be reached in the cross-cut for some time yet, but the Royal lode has been driven on for 703 feet and the Empire lode for 366. The average width of the Royal lode for the whole 703 feet is 16 feet, and the average width of the Empire for the distance driven is 29 feet. The average width of the Royal lode in the level above was 12 feet, and of the Empire was 24. The values also compare favourably with the No. 7 level: in the last cross-cut the value of the Empire is £3 per ton over a width of 33 feet. Although the Martha lode will not be reached in the cross-cut for another 250 feet, some winzes have been sunk on the lode to the No. 8 level,

and a limited amount of cross-cutting had been done, but has been stopped by want of ventilation. One cross-cut penetrated the reef for 80 feet without meeting the walls, the average value for the whole 80 feet being £3 8s. per ton. It should be mentioned that at 226 feet in the cross-cut from the No. 4 shaft a lode from 1 foot to 2½ feet wide, and of an average value of £19 7s. 8d. per ton was met with. Further work will be done on this new reef when the main cross-cut is completed.

No. 7 Level. The principal work on this level has been the exploration of the extraordinary mass of rich ore discovered 684 feet west of the No. 1 shaft in the Welcome lode. The cross-cut through the lode at this point has been driven a total distance of 206 feet, and of this no less than 141 feet has an average value of £4 per ton. This ore body is being explored by various drives in the ore, but a great deal more work will have to be done at the present and deeper levels before an accurate estimate can be formed of its extent and character. One level at 85 feet in the cross-cut has been driven 81 feet east in ore of an average value of £6 per ton.

Tube Mills. Six additional Tube Mills are now being completed in the Company's own workshops, and when finished will be worked in conjunction with the Victoria Mill of 200 stamps. Producer Gas Plants of 2000-h.p. are being sent to the mine, and will be utilised in connection with the extensions of the treatment plant. The exact value of the total output for 1906 cannot yet be given, but it is approximately £825,000, as compared with £728,521 in the previous year. To secure this output, 328,866 tons were treated, against 298,531 tons in 1905. When the whole of the new treatment plant mentioned above is in full working, there will be a further considerable advance in the tonnage treated and output. As to the all-important question of dividends, I think shareholders may confidently expect a bonus of 2s. a share in June, making the total dividend for 1906 70 per cent. In the course of the next two or three years, without being unduly sanguine, I shall be disappointed if the annual dividends do not increase gradually to 80, 90, and perhaps 100 per cent. Q.

Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSERVATIVE.—Both stocks of the highest class. Dear money accounts for the very slight fall.

E. J. W.—We consider that the Nitrate industry is in a very good way. Your shares will probably pay you splendid dividends.

No. 2.—See last answer, which applies to you as well.

SALOP.—We think the highest was about 3½.

SPERO.—In our opinion no results worth talking about can be obtained for years. We have not the same faith as the directors.

B. W. F.—(1) The bank shares have not really dropped. They carried the right to new shares when quoted at about 62, and are now ex rights. (2) No.

R. B.—The scheme will probably see the light in the early part of this year.

NEMO.—Neither of these shares appeals to us, but in mining the unexpected often happens.

SPERO (F. E. P.)—The Act does not do away with trustees. Send to the King's Printers, and buy a copy of The Public Trustee Act, 1906, and you will see; cost about twopence. See "Q's" note last week for investments; also River Plate Gas shares, B. A. and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock.

JANUARY.—If the value of money drops and the trade of the country continues as prosperous as at present, the Ordinary stock may see higher prices, but the days in which investors were prepared to buy Railway Ordinary stocks to pay 3½ per cent. are past. The largest part of the contemplated capital expenditure is over.

COMOX.—If trade keeps good, the shares may see 20s. or more again.

BRIGHTON.—The Electric Company is a very good industrial, as far as we can learn from inquiry, paying 10 per cent. Of course, these shares are not Consols.

VERITAS.—Only insiders really know the truth about the Diamond shares, and we confess we would rather not advise. As to Mount Yagahong we have a poor opinion.

GINGER.—We consider the U. S. Debenture shares a good purchase. Please say exactly what the other shares are. We cannot read your contractions.

OPTIONAL.—Our impression is that a month is not long enough.

H. H. B.—You will be very foolish to lock up your money for five years. Such interest cannot be paid without running considerable risks. Why not be content with good marketable investments paying 5 per cent? (See answer to "Spero F. E. P.")

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester I fancy the following horses will go close if racing is possible: Mapperley Steeplechase, Bonar; Wigston Steeplechase, Hopeless II.; Gosport Hurdle, Peter Pan; Hinckley Hurdle, King Pluto; February Hurdle, Lancashire; Novices' Steeplechase, Ronaldo; Harrington Steeplechase, Doggie; Humberstone Hurdle, Mint Mark; Three Mile Steeplechase, Strategy. Good sport is promised at Hurst Park, where some of the following should run well: Molesey Steeplechase, Rathvale; Maiden Hurdle Race, Caruso; Mole Hurdle, Adelia; Open Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Novices' Hurdle, Cortona; Grange Steeplechase, Hallgate; Walton Hurdle, Zampa; Hurst Steeplechase, Amethyst; February Hurdle, Romer.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Peggy the Pilgrim." By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson.)—"Amazement." By James Blyth. (John Long.)—"The Amateur Emigrants." By Thomas Cobb.—"The Whirlwind." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall.)

NO two novels could be in greater contrast than those that head my list. "Peggy the Pilgrim" was obviously designed to please the young lady of fourteen; "Amazement" obviously was not. Mr. Burgin's story is best described as "nice." The little lodging-house drudge with the golden heart and the smutty face meets a noble, youthful, and presumably belted Earl, helps him to make "dog's nose" for Old Gearge, refuses to marry him because she is "the daughter of a man who has been sent to prison," becomes a great artist, and eventually weds her true love. The foundling who is her care, and the cause of some incidental troubles, progresses from "a wet little bundle" to a promising Junior, discovers in the nick of time—in point of fact, when he is prosecuting his half-brother at the Old Bailey—that he is a changeling of socially good, instead of socially no parentage. Various others do the things they ought to do and the things they "didn't oughter," and meet with appropriate rewards at the hands of an exceptionally just Providence. What more could the heart of girlhood desire in a wicked world, especially when it can be said fairly that the telling of the story is most pleasant?

"Amazement" could certainly not be defined as nice. Clever it is, without question. The characters are very ably drawn, their deeds and misdeeds are very graphically told, but they—or most of them—are so sordid that it is difficult to understand what attraction a novelist as capable as Mr. Blyth could have found in them to have believed them worthy of exploitation. In essence, the book is a mere report in novel form of a divorce case, and the events that led to it and followed it, with few of the "sensashunal detiles" beloved of the newsboy and certain of his patrons omitted. Those who find interest in human nature at its worst will read it with relish, although their appetite would be as readily tickled by a newspaper account; many will find it, despite the excellence of its craftsmanship, the unquestionable truth of it, a little nauseating.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel is yet another contrast. Like all Mr. Cobb's work, it is easily written and easily read. The idea is decidedly good. Cuthbert Carmichael is a genial young crank, whose fad it is to lure the Londoner back to the land by removing him from the slums to a farm in England, endeavouring

to make him believe that he is on virgin soil—say, in Western Australia—teaching him to sleep in a tent until he can build a log-cabin with the sweat of his brow, and expecting him to live on the products of the soil and the result of an occasional shot at a rabbit. The possibilities of such a theme are enormous. Mr. Cobb seizes some of them, but his style is hardly broad enough to do them full justice. To read "The Amateur Emigrants" is to think of "Rudder Grange"—Mr. Cobb is not Frank Stockton. His method is better suited to comedy than to farcical comedy.

Artistically and in sheer human interest "The Whirlwind" is by far the most engrossing of the four novels under discussion. It must rank among Mr. Eden Phillpotts' best work; it is a question, indeed, whether it is not his best work. Its style is precise, without being precious; it has minuteness of detail with breadth of diction; its interest and its effects are cumulative, its characters are fascinating. True, it has the eternal triangle as its motive, but there is a force about the passions of the two men and the woman that removes them from the merely squalid and places them with the actors in the great love tragedies of the world. As character-studies each is perfect. Hilary Woodrow, the farmer, long disdaining love for woman, then fierce for it; Sarah Jane, wayward, tempted, and overcome; and Daniel Brendon, the great, ambitious labourer, so blinded by self-gratification and a perfect faith in the power of his religion that he cannot see the price that is being paid for his master's favours to him—round these rages the whirlwind, each reaps it, and the end is chaos. Their fellows, mean in their hate or their folly, speak of an old custom: "Suppose a man and woman did wrong, owing to the power of nature upon them, or the husband being away from home, or some other natural cause; then, if 'twas found out against 'em, the people rose up and acted a funeral." So, one night, there is a meeting in a field—

The feet of the coffins were lowered so that all might see . . . What the people saw was a long, thin doll in riding-breeches, Norfolk jacket, and hard hat. It stared out with sunken, sallow cheeks, and the torchlight played upon its life-size, lifelike body. In the other coffin lay the female doll, and her tow hair was drawn back from her forehead and her red lips smiled. The face had been most carefully modelled and painted; therefore, its resemblance to Sarah Jane Brendon was clear to all who knew her.

Then Brendon understands, but when he seeks his wife, his child meets him—

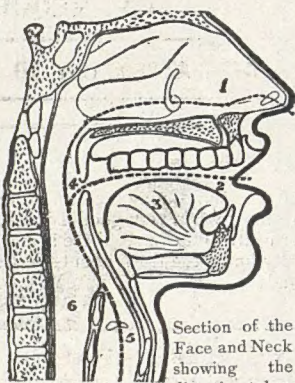
"Get to your mother," he said.

Gregory, frightened at his face and voice, ran back as fast as he could go, and Brendon departed. But a moment later, when shrill shriek upon shriek cut his ears, he stopped, turned again, and went to his child, because he knew that the little thing was alone.

Again he turns to his religion, and in fighting for it he finds peace.

The Breath of the Pine Forest

THE RIGHT WAY AND WRONG WAY OF TREATING COUGHS AND COLDS.



Section of the Face and Neck showing the direction taken by the Peps fumes during breathing: 1, Nasal Passages; 2, Mouth; 3, Tongue; 4, Entrance to Throat; 5, Passage to Lungs; 6, Passage to Stomach.

The advent of Peps, the new and pleasant pine-air treatment for throat, lung, and chest diseases, has superseded old-fashioned treatment by medicines through the stomach as completely as modern methods in medicine have superseded the bleeding-cup.

Medicines to benefit the lungs and bronchial tubes should obviously reach the affected parts *direct*. Peps do this in a thoroughly scientific and unexceptionable fashion. They convey Nature's pure remedy for the throat, lungs, and chest—the pleasant and palatable balsamic essences of the rich pine woods—straight to the seat of the trouble.

A medicine for the chest and lungs is all wrong if it has to be merely swallowed into the stomach, which has no direct connection with the lungs. *You can't swallow anything into your lungs.* Old-time chest, lung, and cough medicines are just as wrong-headed in effect as they are in composition. They are usually heavily drugged with opium, choral, morphia, or some other narcotic, or else loaded with bromides or other sedatives. By dosing the nerves they often stop a cough without removing the cause.

It is dangerous to merely stop a cough, for coughing is Nature's way of expelling phlegm, disease germs, and other obstructions from the throat, lungs, and chest. If you stop the cough before its work is done by putting your nerves to sleep, your chest, throat, and lungs get clogged up with impurities. Phlegm rises in your throat, and may find its way to your stomach. Your blood becomes impure for lack of oxygen, and carries the seeds of catarrh to your stomach, liver, kidneys, and other sensitive organs.

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